Saturday Night

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KATHRYN ALBERTSON: Excitement and variety (Page 4).

The Front Page

Since President Eisenhower's recent announcement that his administration was ready to cooperate with the States in a far-reaching program to improve and extend the highway system in the U.S.A., many Canadians have been remarking rather wistfully how nice it would be if the same sort of thing could be done here—on a more modest scale, of course, because of the distances, population and other usual reasons for small-scale thinking. Such hopeful modesty is wholly inadequate. Anger should be the only emotion felt by Canadians when they look at their roads and think of what they're getting for their money.

Each province has a gasoline tax, which ranges from nine cents in Manitoba to fifteen in Nova Scotia. In 1952, revenue from this source alone came to $178.5 million; in the same year the provinces spent a total of $178.8 million on highway construction, which included roads whose cost was shared by municipalities. They spent $127.7 million on maintenance work and collected $73.7 million in registration fees, licences and levies on commercial vehicles. In the meantime, the

IT TAKES TWO TO CO-EXIST
By Willson Woodside: Page 7

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talk about performance...

talk about economy...

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It's easy to talk. And naturally, Pontiac owners do seem to go overboard in their praise of this car's features. But YOU don't have to rely on hearsay . . . because feature for feature Pontiac will *prove* its superiority to you.

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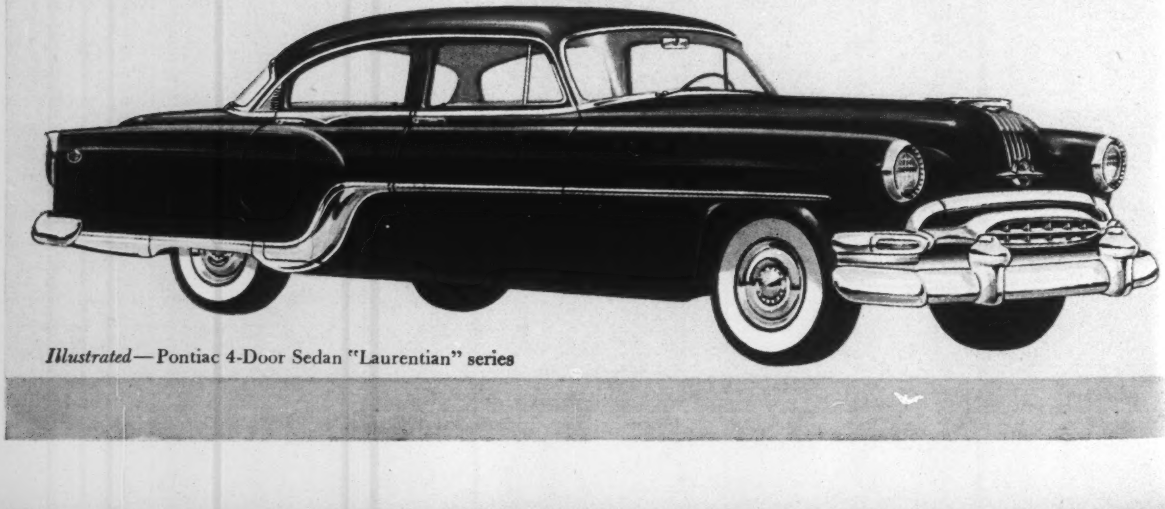
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Illustrated—Pontiac 4-Door Sedan "Laurentian" series

The Front Page

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Federal Government was taking in $89.1 million just in excise taxes on automobiles, tires and tubes. When one adds to all this how much waste there is likely to be in construction projects paid for out of public funds — investigation of the Ontario Department of Highways has shown how poor administration has cost the people of only one province hundreds of thousands of dollars—it is clear that the citizens of this country have every right to expect their governments to produce more vigorous and enlightened highway policies.

The drivers of motor vehicles pay in taxes all but a fraction of the cost of building and maintaining the nation's roads — the spending being done by provincial governments, of course, since Federal authorities are responsible for nothing more than routes through national parks and half the expense of the Trans-Canada Highway, a project that may be completed when our children's children will be doing all their travelling by air.

If the nation's roads are to be considered only as a convenience for the people who drive cars and trucks, it would be reasonable to peg expenses to revenue and build the routes strictly for the convenience of those who use them. But roads are also the routes of settlement, of commerce, of defence; therefore, of benefit to all, of material interest to all, and the responsibility of all.

Provincial authorities must think more and more of their double responsibility: to build and maintain the highways needed for local intercommunication and growth on the one hand and for convenience to travel on the other. The driver should expect to pay for convenience and safety, but so far he has been provided with too little of each.

Double Punishment

SINCE a committee of the U.S. House of Representatives approved President Eisenhower's request that Communists and others convicted of conspiring to overthrow the government be stripped of their American citizenship, the word "de-citizenizing" has been cropping up in reports and discussions of the President's proposal. Evil though the conspiracy may be, surely the approved punishment is harsh enough without rubbing it in with a word like de-citizenizing. We imagine that even the most hardened plotter would rather wander, an outcast in the waste lands, than ever have to admit to another human being, "I was de-citizenized".

Long Life

ACCUSTOMED by now to reading about centenarians flying jet planes, getting married and planning trips to the upper Amazon, we were taken aback when we came across a report that C. Rajagopalachari, former Governor General of India and a comparative youth of 77, had wished bad luck to the scientists and doctors meeting in London a couple of weeks ago to investigate the problems of old age. "Bad cess to them," the Indian statesman said (or words to that effect). "It will be a calamity if harmless old people are turned into a dynamic, active and dangerous lot." Seeking reassurance, we called on Dr. J. B. Tyrrell, who is 95, who was exploring the Rocky Mountains and the country east to Lake Athabaska more than 60 years ago, whose comings and goings in the Barren Lands during the 1890s included a 600-mile hike on snowshoes from Churchill to the south end of Lake Winnipeg, who has won innumerable awards from geographical and geological societies, and who retired from the presidency of the Kirkland Lake Gold Mining Company recently to live on an orchard farm near Toronto.

DR. J. B. TYRRELL: A man's business.

"It's a man's business to live as long as he can," Dr. Tyrrell said, "to work, and after that to quietly give up. I don't know how long I'm going to hang on. I'm not making any effort to live a long life. I just happen to be one of a fairly long-lived family. My grandmother's uncle left New York State in 1780 and came to live north of Whitby, where he died at the age of 111. Another in the family is alive at the age of 105. I'll just live as long as God and nature let me."

He walked over to a sundial in the garden where we talked. "I'm very proud of this," he said. "I found it lying in a shed at a Hudson's Bay post at Trout Lake, a small post subsidiary to York Factory, and I brought it away in 1912. This dial was taken there by Sir John Franklin about 125 years ago, when he discovered that the post had no regular way of keeping time. Let's take a walk."

As we toured the garden, he said, "Twenty years ago a doctor told me that my walking days were over, because of heart trouble and arthritis. But I still get around. I walked a half mile down the concession road and back just the other day. I remember when I was living in Dawson City, I had two houses 40 miles apart, one in Dawson City and the other at Dominion Creek. I used to hike between them regularly."

He looked out over his young orchard. "I thought that if I were planting trees I'd feel at home," he said. "I didn't want to run a dairy farm, because I haven't been around cattle. I've hunted over the whole of North America for the best kinds of apple and the best strains." He looked again at the newspaper clipping we had brought along. "That assembly seems a silly sort of business anyway," he said. "I haven't much use for those hendoes." We continued our walk into the orchard.

Blind Bliss

IT'S JUST as well, perhaps, that the people who mash out the popular songs of the day are content to be a fairly primitive lot, happy with their moons in Joon, and with an anatomical interest confined to the exterior properties and heart condition of their subjects. This thought occurred to us as we listened to a French ditty called "The Diver's Song", which, freely translated, goes like this: "Put your suit on diver, go down into the eyes of my blonde; what do you see, good diver? I see a strange assortment: flowers, birds, coral and some fine gold dust. Put your suit on diver, go down into the heart of my blonde; what do you see, good diver? I see a very clear spring . . . smiles and sorrow, an oasis near a reef . . . You're going down into the brain of my blonde; what do you see? The diver went down, down and in the vast emptiness the diver was lost." And that's what you get for being too damned curious.

Canada as Custodian

THE TASK of supervising the armistice in Indo-China is as sticky and thankless a job as Canada has ever been offered. The armistice may not develop at all as the Geneva conferees envisioned. The plan of withdrawal of forces from "concentration areas" in the North and South may break down. Guerrilla warfare may be resumed. On top of this, the day-to-day arguments over procedure in a commission which includes a Communist member may be expected to be thoroughly unpleasant. There will be flank attacks from some

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quarters in the United States against a body — Canada, India and Poland — all of whose members either recognize or favor the recognition of Communist China. Nor can the virtual assurance of a majority in the commission lined up against France — who still angers India by maintaining small colonial enclaves along her coast — provide a happy situation for the Canadian representatives. And —need one add?—all this we will have to pay for out of our own pockets.

Why then does our government seem so readily disposed to undertake the task? It is entitled to belief when it says that it feels the heavy moral responsibility that would fall on any country that refused such a role of peacemaker in South-east Asia. It is even ready to reconsider its recent declaration that it would act only under United Nations authority in this part of the world. As things stand, the UN has been by-passed completely in the Indo-China settlement and the Geneva Conference has disbanded without leaving any continuing body to which the Armistice Commission can report.

Is it not possible that a small voice whispered to our policymakers that by taking on the unpleasant duty of the armistice commission we could escape the much more unpleasant and expensive duty of standing up to be counted for SEATO, the South-east Asian pact? It will seem to many Canadians that supervising armistices is essentially a task for the neutrals of this world, and that Canada should line up squarely with those nations — and they are few enough — who are prepared to man the line against the further extension of Communist power. That such extension remains the fixed purpose of the other side in Indo-China, armistice or no armistice, will not long remain in doubt.

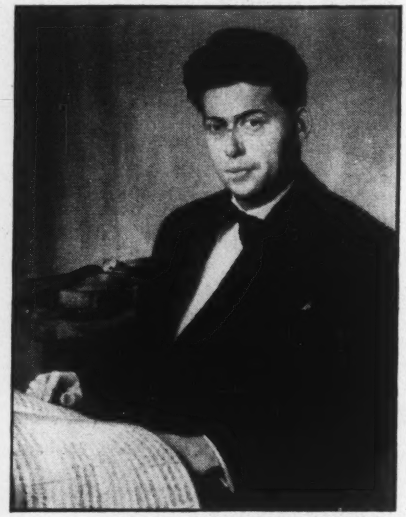
A Welcome Waiting

IT IS a pity that his family thwarted the ambition of a wealthy visitor to Toronto to become mayor of the city. This gentleman showed himself admirably suited to be a candidate for the job of chief magistrate of a city whose mayors in recent years have shown great skill in providing daily entertainment for newspaper readers by such delightful feats as talking loudly and long with ten toes firmly clenched between their teeth or starting fires by rubbing two controllers together. The visitor got his idea when irked by the Toronto constabulary; it blossomed modestly enough — he would become a property owner and voter by buying one of the city's larger hotels—but by the time it was fully ripened he was trying to buy a daily newspaper to ensure press support for his elevation from voter to office-holder. That's where his family stepped in. But we hope he returns, his resolution strong and his dream untarnished; there is the dismal possibility that even Toronto can run out of comedy in civic affairs.

Impetus

WHEN WE dropped in at the Varsity Arena the other day, Alexander Brott was conducting a rehearsal for a Toronto Promenade concert. Mr. Brott, who is a Professor of Music at the McGill Conservatory, assistant conductor and concert master of Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montreal, and for 14 seasons conductor for the McGill Chamber Music Society, was wielding his baton *con brio* and exhorting the orchestra, "Please, make it very clear for us out here. . . Yes. . . Ah, this is what I must hear. . ."

The rehearsal ended and Mr. Brott introduced us to violinist Hyman Goodman and composer Norman Symonds, and said he was arranging to have works by Canadian composers selected for recording by an English company—four hours of music on long-playing records. The company's only stipulation is that the Canadian League of Composers must guarantee the purchase here of at least 500 copies of the six-disk sets. "Their idea is to give a representative picture of Canadian chamber music," Mr. Brott said. "The Canadian League of Composers will suggest what compositions are suitable. The company, which I am not privileged to name, will distribute these records throughout the world. The musicians will be the best that England has to offer."



Oil portrait by Fred Taylor

ALEXANDER BROTT: An older culture.

He had just returned from a tour of Europe, during which he had conducted, for the third time, a Canada Day program for the BBC. "I've played a good deal of Canadian music on these programs," he said, "and obviously they have liked it, because I have been asked to come back several times. There is no question in England about the necessity or usefulness of Canadian music. Furthermore, they have found it feasible not only to broadcast it but also to record it. The only regrettable fact is that Canadians don't see fit to do this sort of thing themselves."

"If the companies don't think it will sell in Canada, they won't even bring already fabricated recordings over from the States," Mr. Goodman said. "The only hope," Mr. Symonds suggested, "is for Canadian musical organizations to achieve financial stability." "But the American and the English culture is a lot older than ours," Mr. Brott said. "We've only been active for 50 years," Mr. Goodman added. Mr. Brott shook his head. "The Stokowski concert of Canadian music at Carnegie Hall this Spring has given Canadian music a great push-off in the world," he said. "It's too bad that the impetus for Canadian art has so often to come from England and the United States."

Progression (Cover Story)

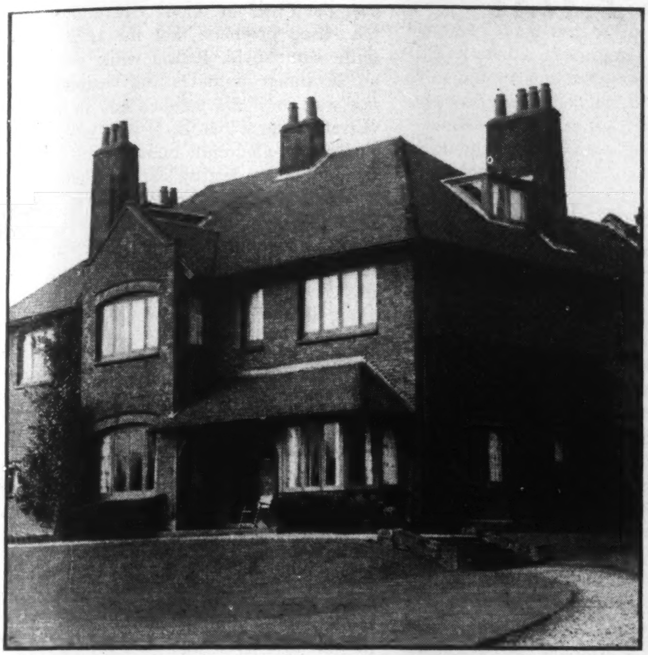
WINNING a Bach and Operatic Class award at the Manitoba Music Festival seems an odd prelude to the role of Ado Annie in *Oklahoma!* at Toronto's Melody Fair. Yet for Kathryn Albertson, a tall, sleek, dark-haired dramatic soprano, it has been a natural progression. The award in 1950 made it possible for her to come to Toronto to study with Dr. Vinci at the Royal Conservatory of Music; when Melody Fair began the next summer she had an audition and joined the company. Last year she played feature roles and this year she has been doing leads—the title role in *Roberta* and Kate (her favorite) in *Kiss Me Kate*—and supporting parts like Clementina in *Desert Song*, Julie in *Showboat* and Ado Annie.

"I had to learn how not to sing to play Annie," she says. "It's a straight comedy role and was fun to do. That's what I like about Melody Fair. There's lots of variety and that's wonderful experience and there's the excitement of a new show every week. Playing in the round is fun, too. There's so much more freedom and the theatre has an intimacy about it."

Miss Albertson, who was born in Winnipeg, now lives most of the year in California with her husband, Leighton Brill, the executive producer of Melody Fair. She has been studying with Leon Cepparo, "a wonderful teacher who teaches Howard Keel, too," and has done some work in television. "I've had a screen test with MGM. They've been corresponding with me since I've been here and I'm to go to see them when we get back."

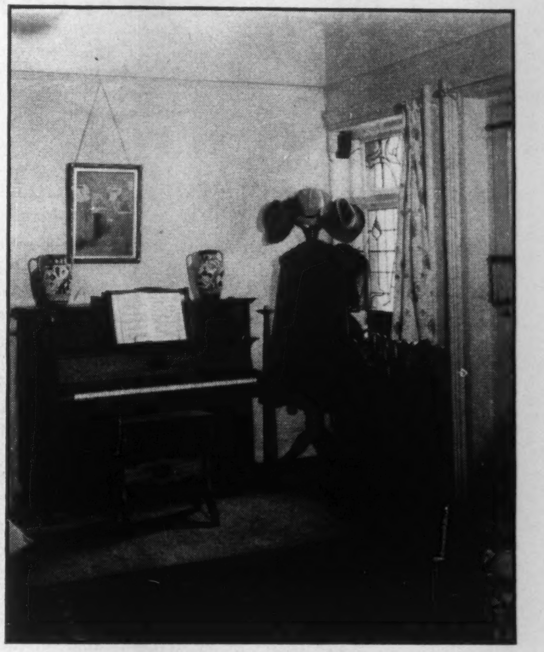
George Bernard Shaw's House Up For Rent

The National Trust Lacks Funds to Maintain the Property



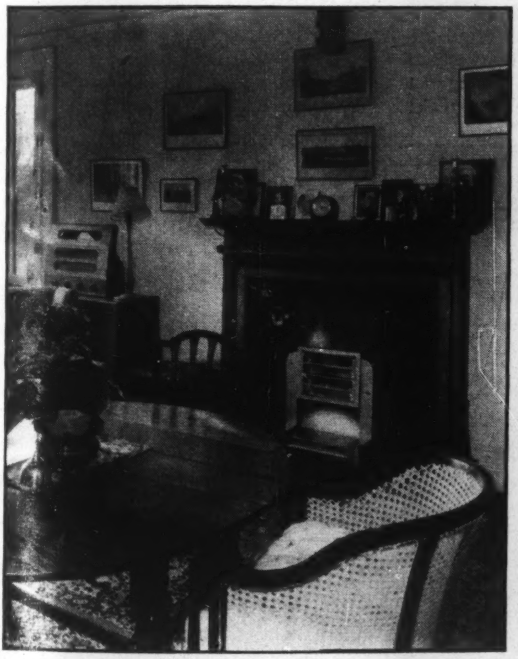
SHAW'S CORNER, AYOT ST. LAWRENCE

Since Shaw's death in 1950, his home, acquired by the National Trust but unendowed, has been open to the public. This fall the Trust will let the house unfurnished, for £170 per annum.



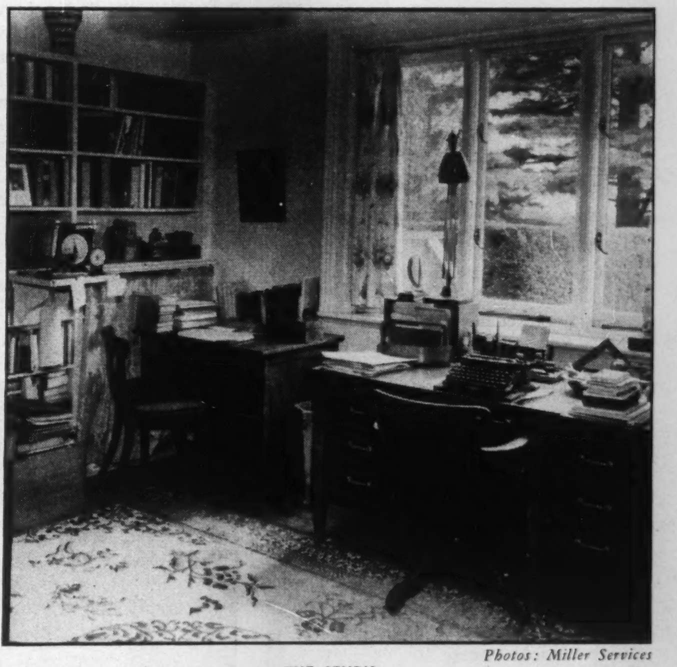
THE ENTRANCE-WAY

Shaw was a familiar figure in the Hertfordshire village wearing the green checked cape and panama hat hanging here. His walking sticks are in the rack.



THE DINING-ROOM

A brilliant conversationalist, Shaw and his wife listened to the radio rather than talk at their meals, according to Blanche Patch, his secretary for 30 years.



Photos: Miller Services

THE STUDY

Shaw worked here during inclement weather, but he preferred to write in the garden. Whoever rents the house will be required to permit visitors to see the study, which will be maintained as it is.

It Takes Two to Co-exist: The Forgotten Past

◆

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

S CHURCHILL, as someone has said, has been an immortal for so many years now that it is not easy to take issue with him. Nevertheless, it seems a pity that he has thrust that sly old Leninist term "peaceful co-existence" on us. He has done it so successfully, indeed, that the British seem to have adopted this term as representing the difference between their policy of "co-existence, vigilantly safeguarded" and American policy, as many of them view it, "a mood of forcibly extirpating the Communist fallacy and heresy".

The result is to ensnarl the whole debate in meanings and misunderstandings. On the British side it is generally implied that "peaceful co-existence" means a desire for peace, and that many Americans would rather have war. On the American side, the popular view among editors and congressmen is that "peaceful co-existence" means appeasement.

The Communists have always been quite clear as to what the term meant to them. It meant not provoking the "capitalist" powers at times or in places where they were the stronger. There was no *principle* in it at all, merely tactics. The best example we have ever had was given only a little over a year ago, after Stalin died. The new leaders immediately began crying "peaceful co-existence", to get over a difficult moment, at which we might have attacked them (if we had shared their ideas of power politics) while they did not yet have their side firmly in hand. As soon as we relaxed, and they got things in hand, they mounted the offensive that won Indo-China.

Lenin gave the last word on the Soviet attitude towards the rest of the world. "Any ruse, lie or stratagem, any detour, is justified if it advances the Communist cause." Stalin, in his *Problems of Leninism,* the textbook on which the entire present generation of Communists has been raised, said it was unthinkable that the Communist and capitalist worlds should continue to live alongside one another, but that one or the other must be destroyed in inevitable, violent combat. The reasons he gave for modifying this in the last article he ever published, in September 1952, are scarcely reassuring. If he now believed that war was no longer inevitable between the Communist and capitalist worlds, he said, it was because the capitalist world was shrinking so rapidly that its principal members would soon be at each other's throats, dividing up the diminishing markets.

Sir Winston Churchill, with one of the longest and most solid of anti-Bolshevik reputations, understands all this perfectly well. He learned all there is to know about the terms of "co-existence" with the Soviets, from his prompt and magnanimous offer of aid in June, 1941, when Germany attacked Russia, through all the crises and conferences of wartime, the Soviet trickery over Poland, Stalin's blackmail threat of a separate Soviet peace with the Germans, the double-cross he received over Yugoslavia and Greece when he tried to make a deal for spheres of influence in the Balkans. That he did not trust Soviet promises in those days is plain from the last volume of his memoirs, where he records how he urged the Americans to seize Berlin, Prague and Vienna before the Russians. He cannot mean today that we should trust Soviet promises, when he speaks of "giving co-existence a real good try".

Nor can it be inferred that Sir Winston is moralizing against the attitude shared by Admiral Radford, the chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Carney, the Chief of Naval Operations, and, the Alsop brothers, that the U.S. should settle with Soviet Russia while she holds an advantage in bases and weapons, and not wait until the balance has shifted decisively against her in a few years time. For it was Churchill himself who led the first effort to destroy the Bolsheviks before they could destroy our world, thirty-five years ago, and I have never seen any suggestion that he thought he was mistaken in this. It was also Churchill who urged, in a notable speech in October 1948, that "things be brought to a head with Russia" before she got the Bomb, and that she be prevailed upon to take the Red Army back home and relinquish her hold on those "famous and ancient capitals of Eastern Europe".

Why then does the old warrior take such exception to the present talk, by a small minority of the American leaders, of settling with the Soviet bloc now, while the free world still holds a technical lead and the strategic advantage? He is explicit on this. His long report to the House of Commons on the talks which he and Mr. Eden had with the American leaders starts and ends with the Hydrogen bomb. The disclosure of its effects by Representative Sterling Cole last February "astounded" him, and moved him to seek this meeting with President Eisenhower. The explosion of further Hydrogen bombs in March caused "an intense sensation" in Britain. "The thermonuclear problem was foremost in my mind", Churchill admitted, through all the crisis over Indo-

Rapid Grip

UN-AMERICAN: A belief behind British co-existence policy is that China can be separated from Russia. At Geneva, Eden (left) charms Chou En-lai (right).

China and the EDC. And he concluded by asserting that "the appalling character which war has now assumed and its fearful consequences go even beyond the difficulties and dangers of dwelling side by side with Communist states". To show that this feeling was fully shared by the Opposition, Mr. Attlee rose to ask the Prime Minister if he had spoken with President Eisenhower about the possibility of a meeting with Malenkov to deal with "the biggest question of all that threatens the world: the Hydrogen bomb".

The British feeling was well expressed in a phrase, which Sir Winston used a number of times during his Washington visit, about Britain being the "bull's-eye" for Soviet H-bombs if another war should come. But the depth of this feeling was hardly realized on this continent until Mr. Eden returned from Geneva to proclaim that "World War III has been averted!" One doesn't need to possess, as I happen to, a recording of Neville Chamberlain's famous, fatuous, yet pathetic cry, as he stepped out of the aeroplane from Munich, to recall with a shudder, "It's peace for our time!"

Had Mr. Eden just come back from a conference which had established a pact to back up the new line in South-east Asia, his claim would be understandable, if decidedly optimistic. But for him to do anything to spread the notion that handing over a territory just as strategic in its way as the Sudetenland, and abandoning millions of people to the Communists assures peace in any way except through final surrender, would be as mistaken as the applause of the British people is alarming.

THAT co-existence has come to mean for many Britons an effort to be "nicer" to the Communists and to stop "provoking" them is the strong impression left by Mr. Attlee's speech of July 14.

This is a British attitude, and by no means the most violent, which sees the real danger of war today in the "ideological fanaticism" of the Americans. What these people want, to ensure "peaceful co-existence", is the dismantling of the whole American cold war apparatus: Radio Free Europe, with its lingering support for a liberation policy, the propaganda balloons that are sent into Czechoslovakia and other enslaved countries, the strong support for West Berlin, as an outpost of freedom behind the Iron Curtain — all that sort of thing. But they go further; they would yield military positions, too, to end the "provocation" of the Soviets by our side and win their goodwill. They would give up Formosa, and the new U.S. military arrangements with Thailand and Pakistan. Above all, they are opposed to all plans for adding German forces to the Western side.

They would rely, for co-existence, on new "Locarno" pacts in Europe and Asia. The essential idea of the Locarno type of pact is that third parties promise to go to the help of either side if it is attacked by the other. In the original Locarno Treaty Britain was to aid France if she was attacked by Germany, or Germany, if attacked by France. The sly insinuation behind these new proposals for Locarnos here and there is that we — Britain, the U.S., Canada, Australia, and so on—are *third parties,* and not totally committed to one side in the defence of freedom.

Thus, in the Far East we are supposed to guarantee that we would go to the aid of Communist China, if it should be attacked by the remnant of Vietnam which it has not yet swallowed. As though that were not pretense enough, we are to trust to a guarantee by Communist China that it will guard the integrity of Vietnam and the other states of South-east Asia. Lord Vansittart has dealt with this fantasy. "If we get wolves to guarantee folds, they will always end by eating the sheep. Long ago I defined treaties with Totalitaria as a system under which the faithful are always bound and the faithless always free."

The way *I* would define co-existence, in the present circumstances, is the drawing of lines. We tried co-existing with the Soviets in Europe by giving them unlimited supplies during the war, sending them UNRRA aid afterwards, offering them huge loans for reconstruction and, as late as mid-1947, participation in the Marshall Plan, joining with them in "agreements" for the liberation of all the countries of Eastern Europe which Hitler had conquered, collaborating with them in setting up the United Nations as a world security organization, and offering to yield our atomic monopoly to a world authority.

There is no telling how this policy might have come out, had we retained our armed strength, instead of foolishly demobilizing. Without that strength nothing availed and we only achieved co-existence when we made the great effort of building NATO and were able to draw a line across Europe which the Soviet would respect. Before that happened, Dr. Benes of Czechoslovakia provided a perfect case-study of "co-existence", Attlee-style. All his goodwill towards Soviet Russia did not avert the gobbling of his country.

It is a pity that Mr. Eden didn't remind the reporters when he landed in London that surrenders are not victories and that the late Andrei Zhdanov, whose ideas are again so popular in Soviet Russia, declared in founding the Cominform in 1947: "We will take the capitalist states in the rear, in South-east Asia". It is a pity that Churchill, great paladin that he is, did not use his trip to America to call for one more "real good try" at uniting the U.S. and Britain, along with Canada and the other NATO countries, in a free Atlantic Union, the smallest unit which in these times can co-exist peacefully alongside the Soviet giant.

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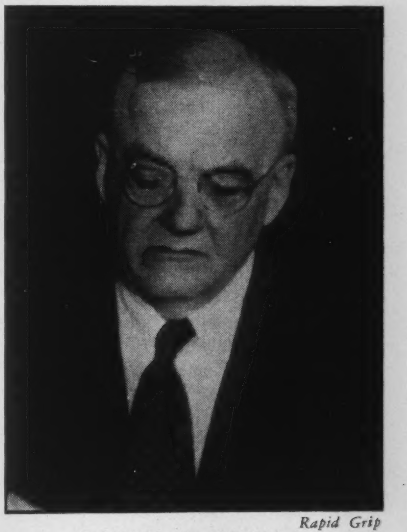
CHURCHILL: for co-existence.


Rapid Grip

DULLES: for liberation.

Miller

BENES: a sad example.

It Takes Two to Co-exist: The Forgotten Past

* * *

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

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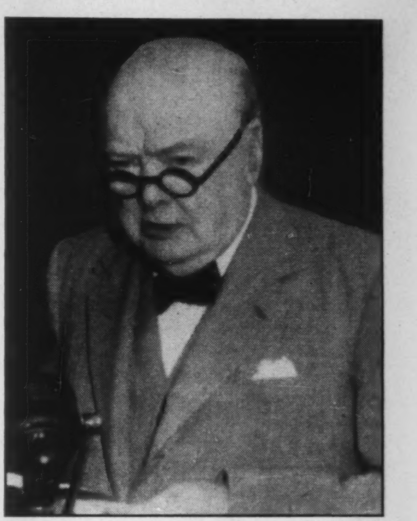
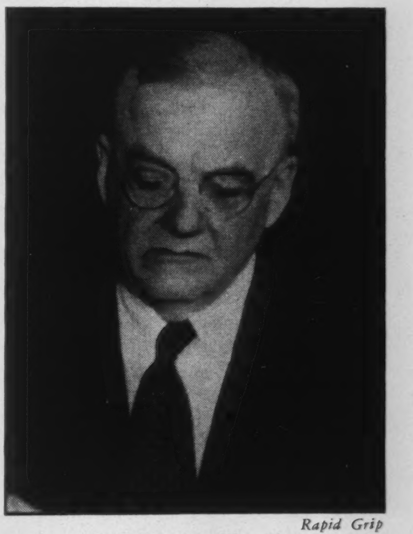


Rapid Grip

CHURCHILL: for co-existence.



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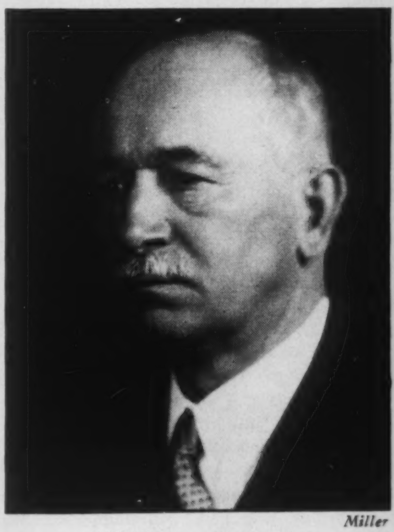

Miller

BENES: a sad example.

It Takes Two to Co-exist: The Forgotten Past

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

S CHURCHILL, as someone has said, has been an immortal for so many years now that it is not easy to take issue with him. Nevertheless, it seems a pity that he has thrust that sly old Leninist term "peaceful co-existence" on us. He has done it so successfully, indeed, that the British seem to have adopted this term as representing the difference between their policy of "co-existence, vigilantly safeguarded" and American policy, as many of them view it, "a mood of forcibly extirpating the Communist fallacy and heresy".

The result is to ensnarl the whole debate in meanings and misunderstandings. On the British side it is generally implied that "peaceful co-existence" means a desire for peace, and that many Americans would rather have war. On the American side, the popular view among editors and congressmen is that "peaceful co-existence" means appeasement.

The Communists have always been quite clear as to what the term meant to them. It meant not provoking the "capitalist" powers at times or in places where they were the stronger. There was no *principle* in it at all, merely tactics. The best example we have ever had was given only a little over a year ago, after Stalin died. The new leaders immediately began crying "peaceful co-existence", to get over a difficult moment, at which we might have attacked them (if we had shared their ideas of power politics) while they did not yet have their side firmly in hand. As soon as we relaxed, and they got things in hand, they mounted the offensive that won Indo-China.

Lenin gave the last word on the Soviet attitude towards the rest of the world. "Any ruse, lie or stratagem, any detour, is justified if it advances the Communist cause." Stalin, in his *Problems of Leninism,* the textbook on which the entire present generation of Communists has been raised, said it was unthinkable that the Communist and capitalist worlds should continue to live alongside one another, but that one or the other must be destroyed in inevitable, violent combat. The reasons he gave for modifying this in the last article he ever published, in September 1952, are scarcely reassuring.

If he now believed that war was no longer inevitable between the Communist and capitalist worlds, he said, it was because the capitalist world was shrinking so rapidly that its principal members would soon be at each other's throats, dividing up the diminishing markets.

Sir Winston Churchill, with one of the longest and most solid of anti-Bolshevik reputations, understands all this perfectly well. He learned all there is to know about the terms of "co-existence" with the Soviets, from his prompt and magnanimous offer of aid in June, 1941, when Germany attacked Russia, through all the crises and conferences of wartime, the Soviet trickery over Poland, Stalin's blackmail threat of a separate Soviet peace with the Germans, the double-cross he received over Yugoslavia and Greece when he tried to make a deal for spheres of influence in the Balkans. That he did not trust Soviet promises in those days is plain from the last volume of his memoirs, where he records how he urged the Americans to seize Berlin, Prague and Vienna before the Russians. He cannot mean today that we should trust Soviet promises, when he speaks of "giving co-existence a real good try".

Nor can it be inferred that Sir Winston is moralizing against the attitude shared by Admiral Radford, the chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Carney, the Chief of Naval Operations, and, the Alsop brothers, that the U.S. should settle with Soviet Russia while she holds an advantage in bases and weapons, and not wait until the balance has shifted decisively against her in a few years time. For it was Churchill himself who led the first effort to destroy the Bolsheviks before they could destroy our world, thirty-five years ago, and I have never seen any suggestion that he thought he was mistaken in this. It was also Churchill who urged, in a notable speech in October 1948, that "things be brought to a head with Russia" before she got the Bomb, and that she be prevailed upon to take the Red Army back home and relinquish her hold on those "famous and ancient capitals of Eastern Europe".

Why then does the old warrior take such exception to the present talk, by a small minority of the American leaders, of settling with the Soviet bloc now, while the free world still holds a technical lead and the strategic advantage? He is explicit on this. His long report to the House of Commons on the talks which he and Mr. Eden had with the American leaders starts and ends with the Hydrogen bomb. The disclosure of its effects by Representative Sterling Cole last February "astounded" him, and moved him to seek this meeting with President Eisenhower. The explosion of further Hydrogen bombs in March caused "an intense sensation" in Britain. "The thermonuclear problem was foremost in my mind", Churchill admitted, through all the crisis over Indo-

Rapid Grip

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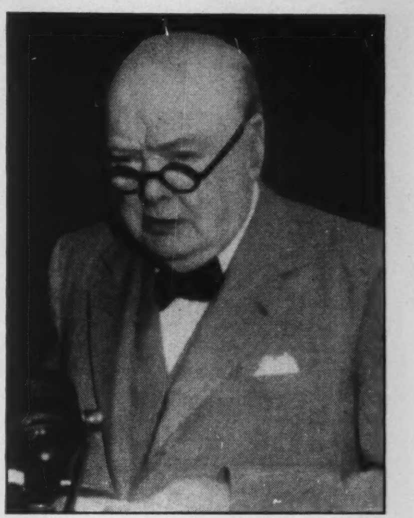

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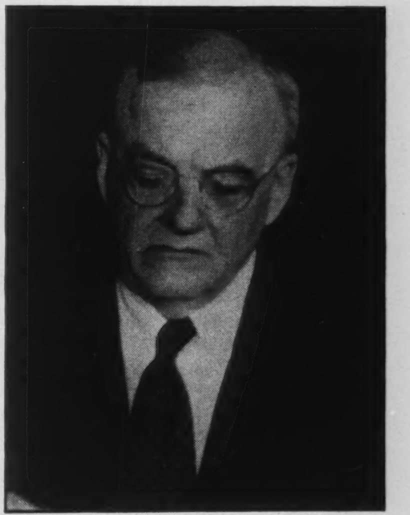

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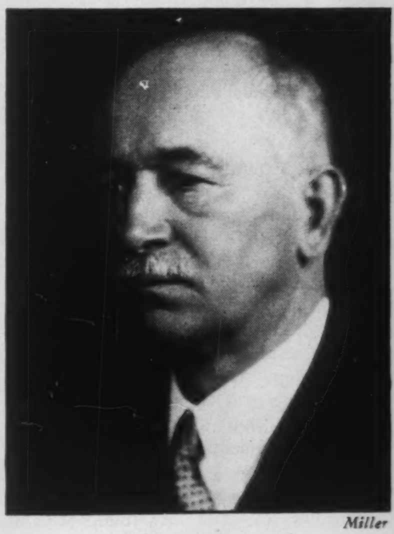


Miller

BENES: a sad example.

Letter from New York

The Risks of a Free Society

By Anthony West

WHILE THE ARMY-MCCARTHY hearings were plumbing new levels of political indecency and winding to an end, other encouraging and discouraging events were occurring elsewhere. Harvard showed its firm adherence to the American tradition by letting two young men, twins, named as fifth amendment Communists and as subversives by Mr. Jenner's committee, graduate from the law school. The twins responded to this gesture in a way, which also seems to be in the American tradition, by graduating *magna cum laude*. Mr. Jenner's view is that this represents a terrible victory for liberal naiveté and blindness, but it looks to many other people like a small victory for common sense.

The twins are young men, and if they are Communists there is plenty of time for them to grow out of it. If they don't, they will be two dissenting citizens who will add their strength to a party which numbers less than 50 thousand members in a nation of 160 millions. This is the kind of risk that has to be run in a free society and the ability to take such a small risk is a gauge of the society's morale. The Jenner-McCarthy line that a few Communists loose in the society represent a peril of major proportions—McCarthy expresses it as "a razor-blade poised over the jugular vein of the nation"—amounts to a vote of no confidence in the existing system. The razor-blade image, if you think it out, calls for the nation to be prone and comatose. It is hard to keep a razor-blade poised over the jugular vein of a victim who isn't trussed or unconscious or a consenting party.

It was enormously encouraging to see from the recent Gallup poll on the impression made by the hearings that the traditional American attitude was reasserting itself, and that a soberer view was being taken of the real nature of the Communist danger from all sides and at all levels.

But if that was encouraging, another question related to it was almost equally discouraging. The full report of The Atomic Energy Committee's Commission of Enquiry into the reliability of Dr. Robert Oppenheimer was beginning to have its effect.

When the report was first issued, the authorities, who had been stampeded into a premature release of the document by Senator McCarthy's intimation that he planned to make the question an issue, put a fourteen-day stop on it. This was done in order to make sure that the press and the commentators did not go off at half cock and print news stories or make deductions from its contents on the basis of an inadequate study of the vast mass of material. The fourteen-day stop, needless to say, being based on a gentleman's agreement was immediately disregarded. Fulton Lewis Jr., McCarthy's principal apologist, went on the air with his interpretation of the report within a day of its issue, and the rest of the press followed his lead.

Wide-World

WILLIAM JENNER: A terrible victory.

The anti-Oppenheimer publicists found what they wanted in the report, and the pro-Oppenheimer writers picked out their choice of supporting evidence. But now that there has been time to look the papers over, it it clear that no question of black or white is involved, and that all simplifications of the issues are meaningless. Dr. Oppenheimer emerges from the report as another in the long sequence of noble figures in scientific history who present a bewildering and almost incomprehensible puzzle to the common man.

Newton is the ancestor of the breed, one of the great contributors to the modern mind, who spent rather more than half his mental energy on unravelling prophecies which he held to be wrapped up in the book of Daniel. Wallace, the great associate of Darwin, lived in the same pattern, contributing to the foundations of modern biology with one section of his mind and giving up another section, with childish gullibility, to fraudulent spirit mediums. Both men, in the hands of smart lawyers, could have been made to look childish and incompetent in mundane affairs.

Dr. Oppenheimer seems to have this kind of double mind, and there is no possible doubt that in his own testimony and in the testimony of some of his associates his activities show a grotesque lack of realism. What he said on some occasions and to some people cannot possibly be squared with what he said on others to the same and to other people. The average man's mind flies from complexity of motive and from complexity of ideas into oversimplifications; his answer, almost automatic, to inconsistencies of Oppenheimer's variety is that they are caused by something to hide, and as Oppenheimer had several Communist and near-Communist friends and acquaintances, it seems clear to a great many people that Oppenheimer can have only one thing to hide. This seems doubtful to me on at least as many grounds.

I FIND that his conduct on a number of occasions offers a parallel to the conduct of a Communist scientist I used to know in England. This man was eminent in his field until his party loyalty made him a defender of Lysenko's theories; his defence of that gentleman's rubbish made him seem as silly as Wallace had seemed in his day, and the columns he contributed to the *Daily Worker* on the subject make painful reading. The parallel comes out in this scientist's war record. As well as being a top-notcher in advanced theoretical research, this English scientist had a kind of genius in the field of applied science and his contributions to the English war effort were outstanding. But no question of treason has ever come up in his career, and it is almost unthinkable that it should. Somewhere along the line a loyalty to his community and his nation comes up that makes a greater appeal than loyalty to an international party.

The Roman Catholic issue is a delicate one to raise, but it presents an interesting and perhaps illuminating parallel in this situation. English history shows a number of occasions since the time of Henry VIII when there was a possibility of restoring a Catholic England by risings supported by foreign powers, but unshakable as the Catholics of England were in their religious loyalty, they could never bring themselves to lend support to treason. The very few who did were abandoned by their co-religionists, who found that when it came to it they could not support their country's enemies.

Since those days the modern state has

become a more demanding monster, and its requirements of loyalty are sharper and more absolute. The conception of total war had brought with it the demand for a total loyalty. The idea of the state as a convenience for its citizens has to a large extent given way to the idea of the citizen as a property of the state, to be drafted when required, and to be stripped of half his earnings if the state feels like taking them.

Dr. Oppenheimer's crime is that he has taken it on himself to decide on what terms he will contribute to his State and society. He decided that his political beliefs and his friendships were matters for his own discretion, and he has concealed them and their nature. His special knowledge led him into a special position in which the state made increasing demands on the whole of his life, and he resorted to deceptions and concealments to hold on to the position he had chosen. The deceptions and concealments now look very bad, but I, for one, am not going to believe that it amounts to anything worse in default of proof that he did worse. There is nothing like proof in the AEC report, and the facts of his enormous contributions to American power remain.

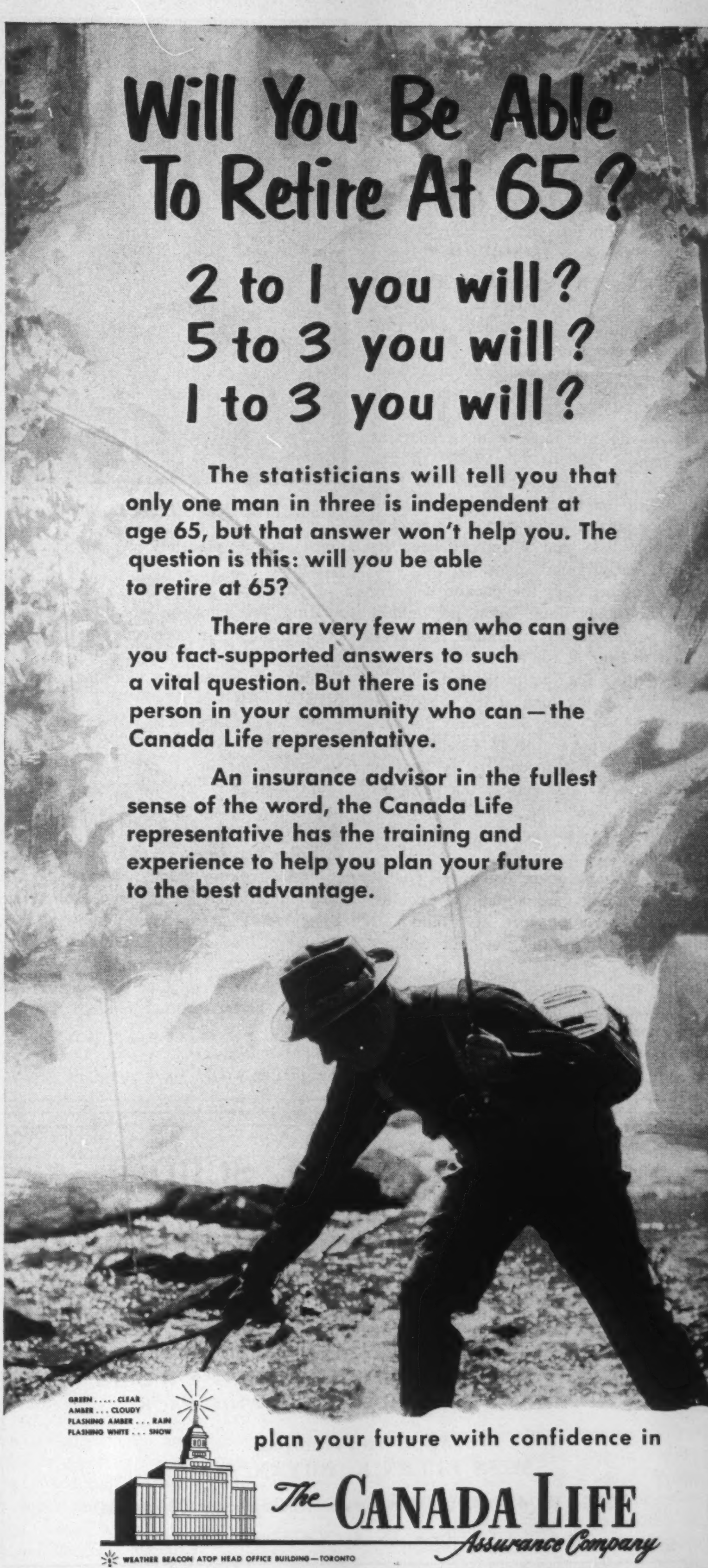
What is hideously discouraging about the present situation is that enormous numbers of people are willing to believe the worst, and to disregard the fact of his contribution. They turn in a kind of horror from the complexities of the man's mind and the problems of his position, and take refuge in simplicities that enable them to exclude him from the company of decent men.

•

For Dylan Thomas

An old man lay on the darkened track cracked pavement
With no hat and dirty clothes and hair,
And blood, orange, in theatre light and store light neon,
On the iron, matted—
We looked, quick, curious, half afraid to see,
And held our assistance back in case he was a bum and drunk
And then of course deserved no help of us.
We waited with our frozen love in the wind wailed night
—Old man the wet March street was better comfort than all or any of our
        doubt checked wills—
We waited, gathering people, 'til a screaming red pulsing light blocked all
        the cars and issued young white
        tired internes, like referees,
Who carried him medically away
And efficient they helped him live unwelcome on.

JOHN BUELL.



Will You Be Able To Retire At 65?

2 to 1 you will?
5 to 3 you will?
1 to 3 you will?

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The Social Scene

The Forgotten Cuckoo

By P. G. Wodehouse

ALTHOUGH IT IS MANY years since I gave up writing letters to the papers, I still keep in close touch with the correspondence columns, and it is a source of considerable pain to me to note what appears to be a modern conspiracy of silence with regard to the cuckoo, better known possibly to some of my readers as the *cuculus canorus*. I allude to the feathered friend which puzzled the poet Wordsworth so much. ("O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird or but a wandering voice?" he used to ask, and I don't believe he ever did get straight about it.)

In my young days the cuckoo was big stuff. Thousands hung upon its lightest word. The great thing, of course, was to be the first to hear it, for there was no surer way of getting your letter printed.

Virtually all the men at the top of the profession—Verb Sap, Pro Bono Publico, Indignant Taxpayer, Ruat Coelum and the like—started their careers by hearing the first cuckoo and getting the news off to the *Daily Telegraph* while it was hot. It was the recognized *point d'appui* for the young writer.

But how changed are conditions today. Doesn't anybody care about the cuculus, or what is it? I select at random a communication in one of the Sunday papers:

SIR: If the hypothesis be accepted without undue dogmatism in the present rudimentary state of our knowledge that brain is merely the instrument of mind and not its source, the terms soul and spirit could plausibly be regarded as redundant.

Miller

THE NEGLECTED BIRD

Pretty poor stuff. Not a word about hearing the cuckoo, which could have been brought in perfectly neatly in a hundred ways. I should have handled it, I think, on something like the following lines:

SIR: If the hypothesis be accepted without undue dogmatism in the present rudimentary state of our knowledge that brain is merely the instrument of mind and not its source, good luck to it, say I, and I hope it has a fine day for it. Be that as it may, however, I should like your readers to know that as early as the morning of the first of January this year, while seeing in the New Year with some friends in Piccadilly, I distinctly heard the cuckoo. "Hark!" I remember saying to the officer who was leading me off to Marlborough Street, "The cuckoo!" Is this a record?

That, I fancy, is how Ruat Coelum and the others would have done it, but the letter which I have quoted is evidently the work of a beginner. Established authors like Verb Sap and Indignant Taxpayer would have begun like this:

SIR: My attention has been called . . .

Before I broke into the game, I used to think of men-who-had-their-attention-called as unworldly dreamers living in some ivory tower, busy perhaps on a monumental history of the Ming Dynasty or something of that sort and never seeing the papers. But when I became a correspondent myself and joined the Twelve Jolly Letter-Writers, a club in Fleet Street, I found I had been mistaken. Far from being dreamers, the My-attention-has-been-called fellows were the big men of the profession, the topnotchers. You started at the bottom of the ladder with,

SIR: I heard the cuckoo yesterday . . . then after some years rose to a position where you said,

SIR: I see in today's issue of your paper . . . and finally, when the moment had come, had your attention called. There was, as I recollect it, no formal promotion from the ranks, no ceremony of initiation or anything like that; one just sensed when the time was ripe. It was like a barrister taking silk. I last "saw", if I remember rightly, in the Spring of 1912.

I inadvertently caused something of a flutter in the club, I recall, soon after I had taken silk, and got hauled over the coals by that splendid old veteran Mother Of Six (Oswaldtwistle). "Gussie," he said to me one morning—I was writing under the name of Disgusted Liberal in those days—"I have a bone to pick with you. My attention has been called to a letter of yours in the *Times* in which you say that your attention has been drawn to something."

"What's wrong with 'drawn'?" I said. I was young and headstrong then.

"It is not done," he replied coldly. "Attentions are not drawn, they are called. Otherwise, why would Tennyson in his well-known poem have written:

" 'You must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear,
Tomorrow 'll be the happiest time of all
the glad new year;
Of all the glad new year, mother, the
maddest, merriest day,
For my attention has been called to a
statement in the press that
I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen of the May'."

It was a clincher, I admit.

But I am wandering from the subject of the cuckoo. (Oh, Wodehouse, shall I call thee bird or but a wanderer from subjects?) It is high time that this neglected bird was restored to its ancient prestige. A nice thing for a sensitive cuckoo, coming back from Africa all keyed up for the big reception, to find it can't even make the back pages among the small ads.

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"A CITY SCHOOL IN A COUNTRY SETTING"

Current Account

Kashmir: "Everyone Has Doubts"

By Roland Wild

SRINAGAR, KASHMIR: In the Reading Room and Bar of the rambling wooden Club on the Bund by the Jhelum River, an elderly man sat reading a month-old copy of *Punch*. He wore tweed plus fours. His jacket was well worn. The spectacles concealed faded blue eyes. He appeared to be angry.

The company in the Bar could not have been the reason. There was the Indian captain, a retired English gentleman and his lady, the Sikh major, two Indian journalists and an Austrian salesman of machinery on vacation.

The conversation veered from the golf course to the snow-line, from bargains to leave in Delhi. Then suddenly, it switched, and the old copy of *Punch* rustled. They talked of Indians and Pakistanis in Kashmir. The magazine reverberated, and the old gentleman stood up. When he had gained attention, he pointed silently to a notice on the wall. "Members will not discuss local politics in the Bar" it read.

The talk died, the company left, and the old man returned to his reading.

The elderly sahib was probably right if the world was to have a quiet life. Srinagar seethed with rumors, and some were not likely to make life any more comfortable. The economic situation, for instance.

Our excellent houseboat, the "Jacqueline", renting at three dollars a day and all found, had as a prominent feature a wide carpeted porch, or perhaps it should be poop, between the gangplank and the front door. The purpose of this seemed to be to accommodate the traders of Kashmir in their multitudes. They peered in with carpets before breakfast. They laid seige with silver in the forenoon. They hounded us with handmade shoes and gems at cocktail hour.

The worst was Subana. He appeared, a dignified and Biblical figure, with the pronouncement: "I have been sent by Colonel —— with a message for you. May I enter and sit down? I desire speech with your lordship." We gave our assent and asked who he was. He fixed us with a terrible eye. "I," he said briefly, "am Subana the Worst".

The title seems to have been given to Subana by an English padre, driven mad by the importunities of traders, all of whom used the title "The Best". "This is impossible," said the padre. "One of you must be the worst! You, Subana, are the worst!"

The desperate insistence of the traders, their anxiety to hawk the slavery and ruined eyesight of the artisans at reduced prices, is a symbol of the fears of Kashmiri. Rumor foresees another bad season. The tourists are not coming to Kashmir, the report goes, because a permit is required, the weekly airplane might be requisitioned, and anti-U.S. feeling over the Kashmir UN Observers has led to tourists being advised against a visit.

Nothing is as pathetic as a tourist paradise without tourists. And though most of the rumors are wrong, the doubts and the bitterness are enough to render useless all the old allure of Kashmir—the ease of a life conducted by perfect servants, the floor of the great Vale in Spring, the pageant of life past the windows of the houseboat, the grace of men and the beauty of blue-eyed brown women.

United Nations

KASHMIRIS: "Ignorant, lazy and dirty".

The doubts are often infantile. The clerk of the telegraph office looked carefully at a ten-rupee note and handed it back. "This is currency for Pakistan," he said. I said I doubted whether Lloyds Bank, six doors down the Bund these last fifty years, would give me a phoney. We examined the note together. It had a likeness of King George VI. "This means it is Pakistan money," said the clerk. I said I doubted whether Pakistan would actually be reserving for herself engravings of King George VI, and went back to change the suspect at the Bank. "The man has doubts," said the Bank. "Everyone has doubts these days."

Everyone has claustrophobia also—hemmed in by hatred and the memory of recent cruelties. You can ride on a pony 2,000 feet higher to Gulmarg (altitude: 8,000 feet), to see the wreck and ruin of the villas and huts in the meadow which was the playground of the English. Or you can take the shikara (boat) to the Shalimar Gardens and pass the palace of the Maharaja. ("His Highness acceded to India and went to Bombay," says the boatman.)

The shikara glides past Nehru Park. ("It was given by ex-premier Sheikh Mahomed," says the boatman. "He is now in jail.")

The road to India is via the Banihal Pass, 11,000 feet high and closed by snow six months of the year. The road is closed all year, however, to visitors. The only way in and out is by air. The road to Pakistan, of course, is straddled by the cease-fire line, and to reach it, we passed through Baramula. For the Sikh Public Relations officer of the Indian army, the occasion was too good to miss. The car inexorably turned into the convent.

The Mother Superior introduced the sisters, the sisters introduced the doctor, the doctor showed the patients who had come in the last stages of heart disease and TB to the last resort, the hospital. Tiny, frail babies had simply been placed in the doctor's hands. "This is the worst in the world," the doctor said. "I was thirty years in India and saw nothing so ignorant, nobody so lazy, nobody so dirty, as the Kashmiri."

The Mother Superior poured tea. The sisters, French and Spanish and Canadian, had a peculiar affectation of speech. They related everything as happening "before" or "after". The period "before" seemed to be a pleasant progressive life, full of hope. "After" was today. The Mother Superior said nothing of this, but before we left took us around the garden. "There are the graves," she said. The dates on the stones were all the same day in October, 1947. That was the date that separated "before" and "after". In the graves were the bodies of two nuns, an English colonel, his wife and infant. It was the date of the entry into Baramula of Afridi tribesmen in the forefront of the Pakistan army.

The Sikh officer had a theory. "It was a tragedy for Baramula that it stood in the way," he said, "but it saved Srinagar and therefore all the rest of Kashmir. For the tribesmen had a somewhat old-fashioned arrangement with the Pakistan army. They were promised loot and women, and you must know that there is a great shortage of women in the tribal areas, and Kashmir women are blue-eyed and beautiful. Well, Baramula must have looked a pretty big place, and full of loot. They never got to Srinagar because of the delay in this town. It takes time to murder nuns and steal the right woman. . ."

One week later we were in the Khyber Pass, and a Pakistan PRO took us into a village to see the armed Afridi tribesmen. "There was no need for the Pakistan army to transport them to Kashmir," said the PRO. "They regarded it as a holy war, and found their own transport."

For once, Indian and Pakistan propaganda seemed to fit together.

There is no such consistency, however, in the attitudes towards those problem-children of the Himalayas, the UN Observers of Kashmir. On the Indian side, and in Delhi, the Press daily concocted stories of favoritism, corruption and smuggling. "The white jeep of the UN has become notorious as a smuggling vehicle!" screamed one newspaper, and indicated a Canadian as the culprit. On the Pakistan side of the line, where the UN Observers have their winter headquarters in Rawalpindi, the Observers could do no wrong.

The Observers, somewhat naturally, clamped down on public utterances and bade their officers speak only of the diet, the weather, and the local flora. General R. H. Nimmo, of Australia, the Chief Military Observer, is notoriously against publicity, and lists as the top requirement among his officers the ability to keep the mouth shut.

The task is not an enviable one, even apart from the rigors of the life. The Observers live in the messes of units of the Indian or Pakistan army. They change sides every three months. During the three months, they become friendly with their hosts, and have long evenings with little to do. Inevitably the question arises: "Who do *you* think should have Kashmir?" The good UN Observer keeps his mouth shut.

Eventually I asked the old gentleman in the Club what regiment he had once belonged to. The reaction was remarkable. He turned on me savagely. "I will not discuss the past!" he said. "There are too many old men talking about the past! All I want is to be able to die in Kashmir."

Everyone has doubts in Kashmir—except, perhaps, the old gentleman with his *Punch*.

•

Last week I told you how to prepare fresh cod and also prepare fresh cod and also salted cod; now what about dried fillets of cod?—*The Recorder (London) Weekly.*

Sorry, couldn't look another cod in the face.

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

HENRY E. KIDSON was a worthy representative of the Yorkshire School, within the Transition Period. Among his problems is this pretty stratagem:

White: K on K1; Rs on QR1 and KKt4; B on K5; Kt on QB4; Ps on QKt3, QKt4, Q2, KB5 and KR3. Black: K on KB6; R on KR3; Ps on Q6, K2, K7 and KKt4. Mate in four.

1.B-B7, R-K3; 2.R-R8, R-K6; 3.R-KB8; then if R-K3; 4.PxR mate; or R-K5; 4.R-Kt3 mate.

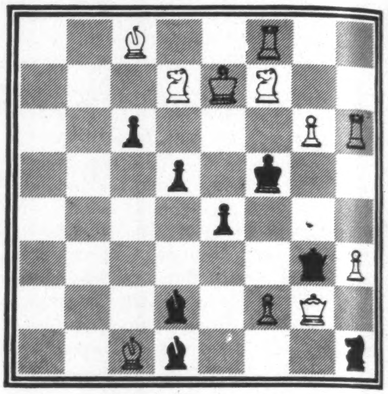
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 76.

Key-move 1.K-R4!, waiting. If QR any; 2.Q-Q6 or B5 mate accordingly. If KR any; 2.B-Kt3 mate. If B any; 2.Q-Kt5 mate. If P-R5; 2.R-Kt4 mate.

This one is all in the key-move. If the King moves elsewhere, Black pins either the Queen or Bishop, with no mate.

PROBLEM NO. 77, by M. Adabascheff.

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.
White mates in two.

•   •

Not for the Weak End!

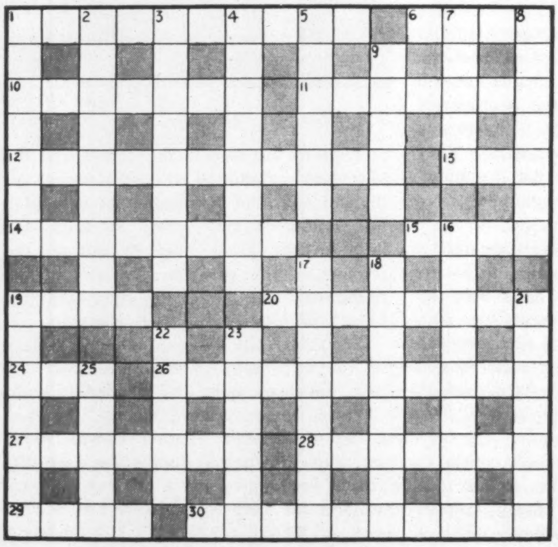
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. That was a short month! (5,5)
6. Springs back? (4)
10. You'd feel like a crab, too, if you had one. (7)
11 A number get a summons to appear at court, it seems. (7)
12. Is their catch for the Royal table Friday? (11)
13. If she swallowed a pin she'd be flat on her back. (3)
14. If made ill by taking gin the wrong way, get the doctor early. (8)
15. It appears part of the building is in a state of collapse. (4)
19. If what is said about them is true, they'll never find you in. (4)
20. PLML. (4-4)
24. There's no credit getting this fish. (3)
26. She's always on tap Monday. (11)
27. Measure of The Bard? (7)
28. Garnets in an unusual setting. (7)
29. The British police seem to have the measure of Scotland. (4)
30. Hauled up the first murderer? (6,4)

DOWN

1. Spoken like a charlatan! (7)
2. A hell of a paving-stone, but good, according to Dr. Johnson. (9)
3. A skin eruption gets people down, relatively speaking. (8)
4. A religious service in G? (8)
5. Accoutred like a head of a monastery? (6)
7. One of those whose voice was, according to Shakespeare, "an excellent thing in woman." (5)
8. Shows Ceres in genuine shape. (7)
9. O.K., kiss, but cut it short and get it over! (5)
16. Sickness, that in its early stages, always has a new sound. (9)
17. She who goes to extremes in 10, treats her name thus without changing it. (8)
18. That musical worm has broken Pan's pipe! (8)
19. The cry of a distempered hound? (4,3)
21. It needed magic to illustrate the lecture. (7)
22. Scandinavian native vegetable. (5)
23. On mother, the hat's quite breathtaking, with a little alteration. (6)
25. If you're this down in the mouth, you'll have the doctor on your ear! (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Take it or leave it
9. Pinkerton
10. Suppé
11. War
12. Levee
13. Rare
15. Indians
17. Salerno
18. Encased
21. Scalded
23. Mope
24. Sands
26. Sir
28. Raked
29. Upper hand
30. Madame Butterfly

DOWN

1. Typewriter
2. Kindred
3. Ideal
4. Octaves
5. Lingers
6. Australia
7. Emperor
8. Tree
14. Good Friday
16. Amsterdam
19. Croaked
20. Disturb
21. Sand pit
22. Distaff
25. Spree
27. Tram

(325)

Books

Winter and Rough Weather

By Robertson Davies

A NEW PLAY by Christopher Fry is a literary, as well as a theatrical event. *The Dark Is Light Enough* is, in my opinion, his best play yet, for in it all the elements of his great talent are better controlled than heretofore. For this very reason, perhaps, many people will disagree with my judgment; they fell in love with the runaway poetry which made *The Lady's Not For Burning* so great an event in the modern theatre, and although the dramatic construction of *Venus Observed* was better, the poet was still very much in charge of the evening. In *The Dark Is Light Enough* the poetry is as great a joy as before, but Mr. Fry's fine sense of drama has been allowed to work without poetic hindrances. And whereas the other pieces might justly have been called dramatic poems of considerable beauty, this is a play of great beauty.

It is called a Winter Comedy, as *The Lady* was a Spring Comedy and *Venus Observed* an Autumn Comedy. Its story is that of a Hungarian Countess who, during the revolt against Austrian rule of 1848-9, gives shelter to a revolutionary deserter who was formerly her son-in-law; as this man Gettner's former wife is a member of the household, and as her present husband is held as a hostage by the revolutionary force, the situation is dramatically strong. But it is not like Christopher Fry to squeeze such a situation for the bitter dregs of drama; it is the desperate passion for life in the worthless Gettner, and the reverence for life in the Countess, which creates the drama. The situation recalls, without reproducing, that in Hugo's *Ernani,* but there are no full-blooded heroics here; it is Gettner's lack of heroism, or what would ordinarily pass as decent feeling, which keeps the plot moving and reveals the character of the Countess.

The role of the Countess was written for Dame Edith Evans, and those who know her art will hear her voice in every line of it. I hope that no one will think that I speak in anything less than praise of Mr. Fry when I comment upon the skill with which he has created a part for a star actress of great, but very special, abilities. The entrance of the Countess is as carefully worked up, her scenes are as cleverly embellished with fine moments and telling speeches, and her death scene is as touchingly contrived, as are those of Mathias in that strange old melodrama *The Bells,* which Henry Irving persuaded three generations of playgoers to take seriously. If *The Dark Is Light Enough* were robbed of all its poetry, and were paraphrased by a hack dramatist, the Countess would still be a meaty part, and one that any actress of suitable age and authority would be glad to play. Here Fry the dramatist has shown his hand, and it is a practised hand which we hope to see many times in the future.

The poetry in which Mr. Fry has clothed his melodrama is not so luxuriant as that which we have come to expect of him, but I think it is all the better for that, considering the theme to which it is applied. It is more concise in expression, and more supple in the length of its lines, so that the somewhat clotted effects which appear in some passages of the other plays are missing. I cannot possibly quote all the passages which I particularly admired, but from the First Act alone I must offer you—

I have always found
Her handwriting to be her way, not
Of giving but of withholding information . . .
She has taken some pains with this.
One guesses almost at once that words are meant.

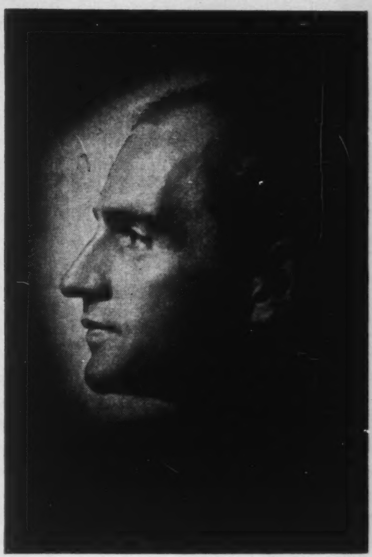
And this—

I know the snow tonight
Comes down as white and soft as a bishop's hand
But the blessing falls on a night on earth
When any man's death is right for someone or other.

And from Act Two a single quotation must suffice—

Facts? Bones, Colonel. The skeleton
I've seen dangling in the School of Anatomy
Is made of facts. But any one of the students
Makes the skeleton look like a perfect stranger.

CHRISTOPHER FRY has the poet's way of giving us, not "philosophy" or "noble thoughts", but our own thought ennobled by splendor of language and concentration of expression. Shaw had a poor opinion of Shakespeare as a thinker; an obstinate critic might say that Christopher Fry gives us nothing new in this play. But



Kenneth Parker

CHRISTOPHER FRY: His best play.

I think that he does something which is more truly the work of a poet; he gives us what we vaguely and fitfully know, in a form which we recognize with gratitude.

Christopher Fry is one of the handful of important playwrights living today; in *An Experience of Critics* he showed us that he is also a better critic than we have any right to expect. Edmund Wilson is one of the handful of really good literary critics now writing in English, and in *Five Plays* he demonstrates that he can also write plays of unusual interest. I should very much like to see some of his plays on the stage, but I may as well confess at once that I would not urge any theatrical manager to perform them, for he would probably lose his money. Little Theatre groups might perhaps be asked to perform them, if Little Theatre groups were not usually even more intent on making money than the professionals. But these plays deserve a hearing, and it is unfortunate that we have no theatre which suits them. They are to the drama what difficult string quartettes are to music; but the musical public is more advanced than the theatre-going public, and difficult string quartettes sometimes get a hearing.

The plays are not unusual in form, or taxing to the resources of even a modest theatre. But they are severely intellectual in tone, and Mr. Wilson has not Bernard Shaw's art of making intellectual matters theatrically lively. He writes in a realistic mode, but his intention is often satirical. I do not know of anything that illuminates a particular kind of artistic life more clearly than his play called *This Room and This Gin and These Sandwiches,* but it has never been performed. Why? Because it would demand the most delicate understanding on the part of director and actors to bring out its true quality, and the performance would not give the audience any of the things that audiences love — no successful romance, no tear-compelling heartache, no tragic downfall, no poetic justice. There is no pleasure from fine language, for reading Mr. Wilson's dramatic prose aloud is like chewing a mouthful of dry Grape Nuts. Yet the play is delicate in feeling and is, in my opinion, written with deep tenderness as well as satire.

Mr. Wilson knows well that the drama is, in certain respects, a coarse art, and he has striven to provide strongly dramatic effects in all of his plays. But he just hasn't the knack of it, and his attempts at coarse drama startle in the wrong way —just as if, in one of his admirable lectures, Mr. Wilson himself were to spit on the floor. *The Little Blue Light*, admirable in conception, fails, I think because the Little Blue Light itself is a rather comic wheeze from the crime funnies, and all the fine plea for integrity is discredited by it. And *Cyprian's Prayer*, the best and most stageworthy of the plays, is spoiled by the crudity of the comic devils. It is a play that seems to have much to say about religion, and the current revival of interest in it; Mr. Wilson is just the man to write such a play, for he is a brilliant and clear-eyed proponent of one of the possible opinions on religion in the modern world. But he has tried to kick up his heels as some other dramatists have done; and he has tripped on his shoelace.

I feel that this is a very real misfortune for the theatre for Mr. Wilson is a playwright with much to say, and considerable skill in saying it. But he lacks a sense of dramatic fitness. Surely it would be possible for him to find a collaborator who, while bowing to him in all else, could give his plays the truly dramatic quality which they lack now?

It is a shocking circumstance that this book costs eight dollars. Why must it cost so much to be decently well-read in Canada?

THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH—by Christopher Fry—pp. 103—*Oxford*—$2.00.

FIVE PLAYS—by Edmund Wilson—pp. 541—*Farrar, Straus & Young*—$8.00.

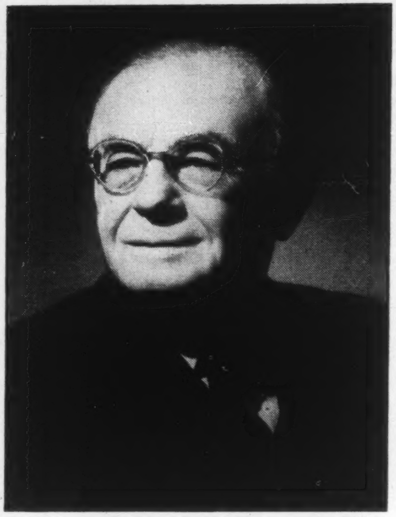
In Brief

THE WAR ON WORLD POVERTY—by the Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, MP—pp. 232 with appendices and index — *Longmans, Green*—$3.00.

A BALANCED ECONOMY—by the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, C.H.—pp. 262 with index—*McGraw-Hill*—$3.00.

American ex-cabinet ministers write of their political squabbles; Canadian ones write nothing; former British cabinet ministers write of Utopia around the corner. They write well and argue logically from good stores of information and hope.

Behind Mr. Wilson's exposition are both a pressing problem of too many mouths, too little food, and Hernan Santa Cruz's statement (he was UNESCO chairman in 1951) that "a peaceful world cannot be half-prosperous and half-destitute". Underlying Mr. Amery's thesis is his belief in the feasibility of economic balance—"the correspondence in the output of the elements of production to the range of human needs as expressed in consumption". His treatise is not as dull as this sentence. There is a final chapter on Canada, "already, from the economic point of view, by far the most important member of the British Commonwealth next to the United Kingdom".



Miller

RT. HON. L. S. AMERY.

THE WIND AND THE CARIBOU — by Erike Munsterhjelm—pp. 234—*Macmillan*—$3.50.

Halfbreeds like Joseph who had "too much school" and was a burden to the tribe; Chipewyans drinking strong tea; caribou, bear, moose; paralyzing cold and "cabin fever"; Karl, his fellow-trapper; dogs: these were Erike Munsterhjelm's associates during the first few hard and sometimes hungry years in the Canadian north above and east of Lake Athabaska. This book is an unpretentious, observant recollection of them to 1934. Mr. Munsterhjelm was in our North until 1939 to earn a living as a trapper, not to write books, although he has now done eight in his native Swedish. This is his first in English. He returned to Canada in 1947 after war years in Sweden and Finland. A plain, vivid, sensitive story.

THE WORLD'S GREAT BRIDGES—by H. Shirley Smith—pp. 180 indexed and interestingly illustrated—*Dent*—$3.00.

When Canadian Army tanks in 1944 passed over a bridge in Rimini a thousand years old, some soldiers wondered how it could stand the strain. The same soldiers conjectured about the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. The same ones had crossed the Quebec Bridge. It will be no surprise if this British account, by a leading bridge-builder, has a wide readership. Its story crosses bridges from China to St. Louis in readable terms, combining technology and romance. The fated building of the Quebec bridge is given an extended treatment. It had the longest single span in the world but the later New Howrah bridge over the Hooghly River in Calcutta, though shorter over-all than the Quebec cantilever bridge, has a longer centre span.

THE WEB OF SUBVERSION—by James Burnham —pp. 248 indexed — *Longmans, Green*— $4.25.

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy is mentioned only twice in this detailed analysis of the Communist web over Washington and its agencies. Mr. Burnham is concerned with the web and the spiders, not with the flies and a buzzard. His exposition, though emotional, is not hysterical. That is its value, especially for bewildered American citizens. The web of subversion spun by secret Communist agents and collaborators does exist. Mr. Burnham's proof has the perspective and logical quality to be found in his *The Managerial Revolution*. Reading it, one does not shiver lest there be a similar web over Ottawa. Is it not sultry and lush enough here for tarantulas?

THE PROPHET ARMED, TROTSKY 1879-1921—by Isaac Deutscher—pp. 540 with bibliography and index—*Oxford*—$6.00.

Machiavelli has observed that "all armed prophets have conquered and the unarmed ones have been destroyed". This first half of Mr. Deutscher's massive biography of Trotsky (the second half to follow will describe Trotsky in exile and "unarmed") is a somewhat ironic commentary on Machiavelli's sentence. Trotsky, the creator of the Red Army, the introducer of forced labor, the transformer of Russia into a slave state, went down to "defeat in victory" (the title of the final chapter) bent under the weight of his armor.

Trotsky emerges as the most interesting, as a human being, of the prominent figures in the Russian Revolution. In his youth he was a good mathematician; in his first revolutionary days he was interested in art. His reading was wide and his thought processes evolved from deep intuitive insight and human sympathy rather than from theory. Trotsky became, after the 1905 revolution, more the organizer than the orator. He was pushed by the dialectic of revolution into separate illiberal positions in support of Lenin, which inevitably led to Stalinism and to the tragedy of his apparent success and downfall. It is a great theme, greatly treated.

T. J. A.

Minutes of the Last Meeting
The Start of a Quest

By GENE FOWLER: PART I

[illegible] BRIGHTEN as I recall the yesterdays at the studio of the artist John Decker on Bundy Drive in Hollywood. The brown-beamed studio was a place of meeting for still-lively survivors of bohemian times, an artists' Alamo, where political bores never intruded and where breast-beating hypocrites could find no listeners. The men seen most often at the Bundy Drive studio had been, or now were, persons of mark; yet never long-haired nor precious nor hoodwinked by false prophets who fed upon weeds of the sea. These men lived intensely, as do children and poets and jaguars.

John Decker was, in a roguish fashion, childlike; he was talented at the easel and a superb cook. This unpredictable fellow disliked sunsets and his dead mother. There was much mischief in him but no malice. A creature of caprice, he had a most generous heart. He was overfond of gold trinkets, unsalted butter, brass artifacts; of Van Gogh's canvases, maroon dinner jackets, and spirited comrades.

There at the Bundy Drive studio John Barrymore used to sit in an antique chair upholstered in frayed red velour, a chair that long ago had belonged to Rudolph Valentino at Falcon's Lair. To that room came actor Thomas Mitchell, a collector of good paintings and of good friends; actors Norman Kerry, Roland Young, Vincent Price, Anthony Quinn, Alan Mowbray; John Carradine, his long thin jaw wagging in iambic pentameter; Philip Paval, a clever worker in silver and gold; the mercurial Errol Flynn; author Ben Hecht; and occasionally an introspective sculptor whose name I forget, but who, according to his legend, had furthered his knowledge of anatomy by dissecting his dead father.

Here also the squirelike face and red-veined nose of comedian W. C. Fields shone in the light of studio lamps.

Poets rested from the world on Bundy Drive—Robert Hillyer, for one. Musicians, newspapermen, curators of museums, and art dealers popped in and out or sometimes stayed for a dinner prepared by Decker.

But the most arresting personality of all who regularly made of Decker's studio a clubhouse for bohemians was a self-proclaimed genius, Sadakichi Hartmann. Old Sadakichi's burst of coarse hair caused Jack Barrymore to describe him as "the Great Chrysanthemum". This skinny, prancing, cynical, yet beauty-loving wraith was half Japanese and half German. He now was residing in a hut on an Indian reservation near Banning.

Barrymore and Decker, one jestful day in the late 1930s, said that I should write a story of this eerie Jack-of-all-arts. Journalists of the yon days had written much of Hartmann and with a variance of opinion, all the way from pronouncing him a startling cad to suspecting that he might sneak in one day as something of a prodigy.

"You are a connoisseur of human oddities," Barrymore said to me. "Here is your chance to chronicle a living freak presumably sired by Mephistopheles out of Madame Butterfly."

GENE FOWLER: A waggish hunt.

By a majority vote—Mr. Fields dissenting—we agreed to treat Sadakichi, both in person and in print, as an artistic hero of the first class. He in turn accepted our tongue-in-cheek deference as a well-merited recognition of his genius. Before a year had passed we began to realize that our magnificent charlatan actually had been many things in many places. If anyone's frustrations, torments, impulsive actions, or stubborn show of courage in times of personal chaos had been more colorful than Sadakichi Hartmann's during his almost eighty years of life, none of us hitherto had met such a human paradox, except among the pages of Cervantes and Rabelais.

"But I say he is a no-good bum," Mr. Fields demurred again and again.

As an apprentice at a Munich theatre, the young Sadakichi had spied upon the mad King Ludwig in the royal box during Wagnerian rehearsals. At a later day Sadakichi had been befriended, then denied, by Stéphane Mallarmé, the symbolist poet, in Paris, and by novelist Paul Heyse in Munich and again in Berlin. Sadakichi observed that Paul Verlaine had a habit of chewing his pencils; and when the poet died a pauper Sadakichi and Verlaine's bereft mistress chewed several dozen cheap pencils, which Hartmann then proceeded to sell as authentic mementos—thereby managing to pay the funeral expenses, with enough left over for refreshments.

The durable cadger stole a fan from the collection of Anatole France, tried to sell it back to the Gallic novelist, then bartered Monsieur France's letter of accusation to an autograph collector in exchange for a supper at Maxim's with a Montmartre femme and two bottles of Pol Roger.

Whistler conversed with Sadakichi briefly on the Paris boulevards, then sent him on his way. In 1910 Hartmann wrote a book about the artist, a work accounted by some critics as a revealing and judicious estimate of that painter's repertoire.

Sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens wrote to Hartmann in 1896, "What you think of matters of art I consider of high value."

"I still say he is a bum," declared W. C. Fields.

Hartmann in his time served as art critic in various Eastern cities, lectured on perfume, wrote five books, numerous poems and pamphlets, crowned himself King of Bohemia in the Greenwich Village of the 1890s and early 1900s; almost starved, sneered, and was sneered at; was wedded twice and engaged in an extramarital passage with a poetess toward the end of his first marriage. In all he sired thirteen children, to most of whom he gave the names of flowers or herbs. Now, old and dehydrated in Southern California, he was thought by federal officials to be an American Indian; but the government men were unsure of his totem or his tribe.

A dancing invalid for half his lifetime, Sadakichi said, "My ailments are exceeded only by my debts". Though asthmatic and bedevilled by a hernia, he could dance like a faun. His hands, long-fingered and suggesting animated pieces of cloisonné, were incapable of an ungraceful movement. He was almost six feet tall, weighed less than one hundred and forty pounds, mostly bone, and had a quick strength that amazed everyone, even those who had heard of his skill at Judo wrestling.

He fashioned a large truss for his hernia, and from necessity wore the cumbersome device in a way that emphasized his satyrlike appearance. During the

Bunny-Hug vogue, the father of a debutante ordered our hero from the mansion when his attention was called to Sadakichi's Priapean contour as the spry guest danced with the heiress.

We who stayed up of nights at Decker's studio regarded Sadakichi as the most prodigious sack of sticks ever faggoted by the Almighty. We saw in him a cunning fellow who would lift your watch but whose critical integrity in matters of art was so fiercely constant that his opinions were not for sale. He acknowledged but one goddess, and her name was Beauty.

Barrymore and Decker volunteered to serve as my associates in the gathering of material for a book about this living gargoyle, a work Barrymore hoped would be "the most significant example of man's career among windmills since the time four centuries ago when Señor Miguel de Cervantes' tall and daffy jockey had a leg up on Rocinante".

Thus began the quest for Sadakichi, a task engendered in waggish minds.

AGAIN and again I began to write this book, only to have the events of wartime or my own personal affairs block the enterprise.

Then on November 21, 1944, Sadakichi died in St. Petersburg, Florida, and I not only began to miss him, but also had to admit that the old wayfarer was the most unusual character I ever had met.

When in 1918 I began my newspaper time in New York, Sadakichi Hartmann had been absent for two years from the downtown inns. He was still well remembered, however, to the west and to the south of Washington Square—by some as a lunatic who lived off the cuff, and by others as the possessor of random talents as an art critic and evangelist of dissent.

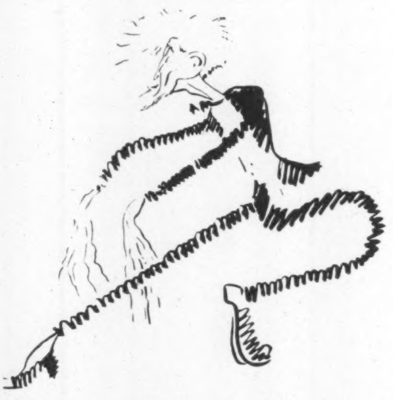
The survivors of an unharnessed period in art, letters, and politics in Greenwich Village agreed that Sadakichi backed away from no one, and that he could get into trouble and out of it in the most amazing ways. The police saw in him a constant nuisance, one who made major disturbances of minor incidents. The Village patrolmen hesitated to take him in tow, for he could persuade even the municipal bench that New York's Finest were born without brains. He once stole a taxicab, and was acquitted in Jefferson Market Night Court after he proved that he did not know how to drive a motor vehicle.

The courtroom gallery of poets and peasants rose en masse to shout, "Sadakichi is free!"

"I always *have* been!" their hero announced.

This vagabond scoffer not only believed that the world owed him a living, but proved his theory. He had a hundred cunning methods of winning entrance to a victim's house, and perhaps twice as many of staying on there. Although he would get into a benefactor's hair soon enough, as the saying is, he managed to defend his status as an unpaying guest with every ruse known to the mendicants of old.

One day long ago Henry Clay Frick asked him to leave his Fifth Avenue art annex for saying, "You are a great man in a small way". On his way out of Mr. Frick's then private gallery, Sadakichi convinced the butler that he had mislaid his upper dentures. He returned to the north wing, pretended to find his teeth near an ancient bust of Nero, then somehow placated Mr. Frick, who invited him to lunch. As the coffee was being served, the financier once again asked Sadakichi to get out—this time permanently—because of the remark, "America is a race of pyramid builders — building up to colossal failures. Former paupers think they are great men. You should tell all about this in a book about yourself, to be called 'The Tom Thumb of the Coke Ovens'."



DECKER'S sketch of Hartmann dancing the Tarantella.

Amy Lowell in 1911 invited Sadakichi to inspect her collection of manuscripts. She became concerned when her guest charged that Keats didn't know a Grecian urn from a Pompeiian latrine.

"Sadakichi," she said, "you are the most mysterious man in American literature."

"And you," he replied, "are the greatest cigar smoker since General Grant."

When pianist Moriz Rosenthal, pupil of Liszt, executed a series of rapid scales while playing the "Hungarian Rhapsody" at a Carnegie Hall concert, Sadakichi made a megaphone of his long hands and shouted from his place in the gallery, "Is this necessary?"

While ushers led him toward the nearest exit Hartmann said, "I am a man needed but not wanted."

NOT ONLY was he ejected for cause from mansions, concert halls, studios, and saloons, but sometimes from a city. Early in this century St. Louis found him obnoxious, a threat to its civic pride. The city fathers at that time were completing plans for a world's fair to celebrate the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase. They invited Sadakichi to lecture on St. Louis art.

The lovers of culture bridled when their guest began his speech with, "Dirty! Dirty! Dirty! One, like Pontius Pilate, must continually wash his hands here. Your art is as feeble as your beer business is sturdy. St. Louis is the city of the dead *fleur de lis*—"

Strong citizens dragged Sadakichi from the platform. Next day the newspapers advised the critic to leave town at once, and a committee saw him to the railway station. There he made a farewell speech. "You pride yourselves on your clubs. Year in, year out, you chirp and twitter, loiter, buzz, and gabble about momentous nothings. The members keep the clubs exclusive, with no intent but to spin themselves, by endless strings of talk, into a cocoon of their own. St. Louis, *requiescat in pace!*"

Some years afterward anarchist Emma Goldman delivered a St. Louis lecture on "Misconceptions of Free Love". Sadakichi unexpectedly appeared on the platform to recite, as an afterpiece, his poem "Betrayed".

"What are you doing here?" a newspaper reporter asked Sadakichi.

"I am giving St. Louis another chance."

SADAKICHI seldom spoke ill of a woman, and, in fact, praised not a few. He had greatly admired his sometime Boston neighbor Mary Baker Eddy, and referred to the religious philosopher as "Baker Eddy". He had an annoying way of shortening or changing entirely the names of important persons of the past or present, a quirk exercised by opinionated men, mostly authors: George Bernard Shaw, for one. Hartmann was writing a drama in verse about Mrs. Eddy when his own death intruded.

"She was a quiet, wonderfully attractive woman," Sadakichi said of Mrs. Eddy. "I believe she treated every human being as if that person possessed deep and startling attributes. She was the greatest spiritual expression of the century."

Hartmann had held a platonic regard for Isadora Duncan, with whom he had danced privately in Paris long ago. Another woman much admired by him, but at a later time, was motion-picture actress Aileen Pringle, who had befriended him. Perhaps the last woman to enjoy Sadakichi's complete approval was Phyllis Decker, wife of John Decker. Hartmann's letters to Phyllis strongly indicate that he was not as indifferent to a show of kindness as he constantly pretended.

"Why do women find this fugitive from an embalming table so attractive?" I once asked John Barrymore.

"Because he looks like a sick cat," he

replied. "Women are nuts about sick cats."

Sadakichi went to California the first time (1916) for his health; and the second time (1922) "out of despair". His career in New York's Greenwich Village would seem secondary, I should think, in comparison to his many other "lives"; but he always spoke with a special show of relish of his reign there as King of Bohemia.

⁂

ALTHOUGH New York soon forgets its darlings of yesterday, the districts and the neighborhoods keep alive the memory of certain former residents—especially of those zealots who howled with hunger while awaiting an appointment with Fame. Sadakichi had been a lively habitué of Greenwich Village before the time of the migration of sanctioned painters, poets, and others of creative persuasion, uptown or to Westchester County, or to the rural colonies of Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

During the post-World War I hurly-burly in New York the name of any minor celebrity who left town to go to California usually became as neglected as an epitaph. Sadakichi's name, however, was an exception. He often was spoken of during a dinner at Luchow's, or at the Brevoort, the Lafayette, or during a Prohibition gin-seminar at Barney Gallant's or Romany Marie's.

Aside from this hearsay evidence of his past I had no knowledge of the man. As to his California activities I stayed in the dark, although actor Matt Moore reported that Hartmann was living in a shack at Beaumont and subsisting on a diet of stolen potatoes.

Sadakichi, Moore said, had taught some children to filch these potatoes at night from a field adjoining his Beaumont hut. He trained the young poachers in the art of cleverly replacing the loam of the robbed patches. The farmer, puzzled by the poor yield of certain areas or by wilting foliage, accused the local dealer in seed-tubers of selling him inferior stock; and then reread the literature on virus disease, ring wilt, fungus, mosaic, scab, blight, gophers, plant lice, and all other known enemies of the potato.

Hartmann returned to New York in 1922 to haunt the scenes of his Village heyday. By this time many of his old friends had gone to the cemetery and Sheridan Square was overrun with tourists. A season of escapades failed to bring him the kind of notoriety he once had enjoyed, so he quit the field and started out for California a second time, ill and embittered; but he stopped over at various cities on the way, to sponge upon art lovers in the provinces.

It was not until 1939, when I had left my summer home on Fire Island to go to the California studio of RKO, that I joined the long list of Sadakichi Hartmann's grubstakers. Unlike many of his rooked contributors, I enjoyed the experience.

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My friend John Barrymore was in Chicago at this time, cavorting in that odd stage venture *My Dear Children*. In Hollywood, John Decker had not yet moved down to Bundy Drive; he was living in a hillside studio that once had been a sanitarium for tuberculosis sufferers, and managing to get along haphazardly on money earned by painting portraits, in comic imitation of the old masters, of Clark Gable, Beatrice Lillie, Harpo Marx, Fanny Brice, and many others.

The night before I called on him the artist had fractured his nose against the windshield of his car. He had driven his antique automobile into a concrete pillar at the fork of two roads, one of which led up a hill to his studio. "It's the third time I've broken my beak," he observed. "I'm getting to look more like Michelangelo every day."

He selected a letter from a pile of unpaid bills. It was from Sadakichi Hartmann, postmarked Banning, California. Decker handed me the letter and said, "You promised Barrymore and me that you would get in touch with Sadakichi and do his story. He writes that you are missing your only chance to become famous. How about it?"

The next day I wrote to Sadakichi. In reply I received a telephone call from Banning (collect, of course). I could make out little that the man was saying. He muttered and spewed and cackled, coughed and wheezed. It sounded as though a kettle of macaroni had boiled over on the stove.

I did manage, however, to gather that he was a very great man and that he would come to see me at the studio—but expected me to send him five thousand dollars at once. He finally settled for twenty dollars, which I mailed to him that same afternoon.

In fact I was visiting my skeptical friend W. C. Fields at the time I made out the check, and borrowed an envelope and a postage stamp from him.

"I always shudder when I see you sign a check," the comedian said. "You are the perfect type for blackmail."

A newspaper reporter was interviewing Mr. Fields this day, and among other things had asked his views on sex.

"It is off the record, Mr. Fields," the reporter said. "I just want to know."

"On or off the record," said the red-nosed authority on almost any subject, "you can say this for me. There may be some things better than sex, and some things may be worse. But there is nothing exactly like it."

This is the first of ten excerpts from "Minutes of the Last Meeting", by Gene Fowler. Copyright 1954 by Gene Fowler. A Viking Press book published in Canada by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. (pp. 277, $4.50). The second instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Letter from London

"Incredibly Beautiful, Utterly Ridiculous"

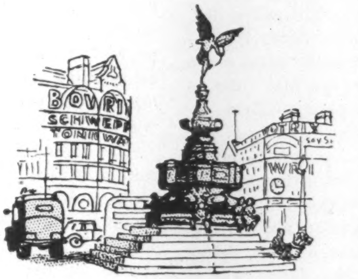
By Beverley Nichols

THE FRENCH WOMAN by my side breathed a long, deep sigh of complete satisfaction.

"This" she said "is England. It is the very heart of England. It is incredibly beautiful and utterly ridiculous and quite unique. And nothing ever changes it."

She was right though she might have added that nothing, apparently, will ever stop it raining.

We were sitting in Rebecca West's box in the grandstand at Henley, huddling close because of the tempestuous weather. Henley is a little eighteenth-century town that sprawls along the banks of the Thames, some few miles above Maidenhead. It is, of course, the scene of the annual regatta, which draws rowing teams from all over the world. It is one of the last big sporting and social events of the summer season.



Behind us is the smooth green lawn of the members' club, Phyllis Court, dotted with gigantic walnuts and copper beeches.

In the centre of this lawn, sheltered from the rain by a green, Victorian stand, a band of extremely earnest gentlemen plough through "The Gondoliers", "Iolanthe", "Rose of England" and other ancient favorites.

The crowd strolling across the lawn, is so perfectly "typed" that a theatrical producer might almost complain that the members were over-acting. One sees very old gentlemen in old Etonian ties wearing fifty-year-old Panama hats whose brims flop in the rain. By their side walk their grand-daughters, in thin silk dresses, apparently oblivious of the fact that they are being soaked to the skin. The wild-rose English complexion is much in evidence. It is a complexion that always looks best when the elements have washed all the powder away.

In the buffet, on which the rain beats with tropical violence, a long queue of the most elegantly dressed men in the world stand, waiting with inexhaustible patience for portions of under-cooked salmon, synthetic mayonnaise, flabby rolls and luke-warm butter, unripe strawberries, and coffee over which we should draw—not a veil, but a shroud. It is, of course, much better than most food in England, but that is not saying much.

In front of us lies the river, grey, choppy and menacing, swarming with tiny craft in which canoes and punts predominate, with a few pleasure-steamers, mostly pretty antiquated—the sort of craft which were in the thick of the battle at Dunkirk. There are at least two umbrellas to every punt, and the English ladies, with typical solicitude, usually hold one of them over the dog sitting in the stern.

A mile away, on the other side of the river, are the bright lights of a fair, with roundabouts, helter-skelters, coconut shies, shooting galleries, fat ladies and all the rest of it. (For tuppence you can still pinch the fat lady's leg, to see that it is not stuffed.) From time to time, when the wind changes, we can hear the music of this fair. You will be astonished to learn that it consists largely of "The Gondoliers", "Iolanthe" and "Rose of England".

And in the distance, brooding and aloof and sometimes hidden by low cloud, are the green beech-woods of Berkshire.

Yes, it is England, all right.

But today, a new element has intruded—the Russians. A very potent element, as it eventually transpires, for by the end of the day they are to win three out of the five finals, defeating our own Leander crew which was made up of nine Oxford and Cambridge blues. Look at them, these Russians, these mighty-muscled Mongolians—if I may for the moment ape the style of Carlyle. See them, scarlet vested, as they sweep past the grandstand, like strange implacable robots! Observe the grim set of their chins, the relentless rhythm of their oars, as the languid, apprehensive aristocracy of Britain watches and claps a grudging hand!

But Carlyle would have got it quite wrong. The languid aristocracy of Britain was neither intimidated by the Russians, nor grudging in its applause. "Jolly good show," shouted the ancient Etonians, waving their dripping panamas. "Those Russians have got what it takes," agreed their grandsons. "I think they look quite

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sweet," sighed the debutantes.

And so it all ended, with the rain sweeping through the copper beeches, and the lights of the fair gleaming in the distance, and the river sweeping to the sea, and the band playing the Gondoliers. As my French friend had said, "incredibly beautiful, utterly ridiculous, quite unique, and nothing will ever change it".

Let us hope she was right.

There is no part of London whose surroundings are richer in historical association than Smithfield market—where Britain's meat passes through the hands of the wholesalers. It is only a short walk from St. Paul's, down Newgate Street, and a stone's throw from the second oldest church in London—St. Bartholomew-the-Great. If you wish to step into Norman London, walk through the porch of St. Bartholomew's and recollect that Christian worship began in this church in the year 1123, when Henry the First was on the throne; and when the mortar was hardly dry in the walls of the Tower of London.

At Smithfield, in an arch of St. Bartholomew's Hospital (known to medical students all over the world as Bart's), there is a memorial to the martyrs burned in the great fire of 1555. The other day, it was the turn of a more modern type of martyr—the British housewife. Meat came off the ration. And for the first time in fourteen years the hapless women of Britain, who have been snubbed and bullied and frustrated by the butchers, were at last able to buy what they wanted, and threw their ration books into the fire.

I went up to Smithfield to see the fun. It was chaos. There was a traffic block for half a mile, Farrington Street was at a standstill, and squads of special police had to be called in to restore order.

The one thing that puzzles me, in this meat business, is the total disappearance of ox-tail, not only from the shops but from the restaurants and the hotels. It used to be one of Britain's staple dishes. Today it is as rare as terrapin.

IT IS not always that I find myself applauding the pronouncements of British judges on matters of sex. Only too often they seem to have picked up their information from an elementary school text book, supplemented by a few *risqué* stories at the club. They give the impression that they imagine Freud to be a sort of German spy which, in the best sense of the word, of course he was.

It was therefore with particular pleasure that I read the sane and illuminating summing-up of Mr. Justice Stable in the affair of *The Philanderer*—a case which has attracted far less publicity in London than it deserves. The defendants in the case were Martin Secker and Warburg, a publishing firm of the highest repute, together with the Camelot Press, and one of the directors, Frederick Warburg. They were accused of publishing an obscene libel. It would be interesting to know the identity of the particular snooper who was responsible for bringing them to Court, and wasting the law's time and the public's money. For a more boring novel than *The Philanderer,* in my humble opinion, has seldom been published, and anybody liable to be corrupted by it would be in equal danger of being corrupted by a perusal of *Who's Who in the Engineering World.*

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

The defendants were very rightly found not guilty.

Mr. Justice Stable's remarks were much to the point. He invoked the social literature of Greece and Rome, and traced the influence it played on modern civilization. He recalled a serious discussion with his own father as to whether it would be possible for his mother to see *Pygmalion*—on account, of course, of the Adjective, which is now almost a term of endearment. I particularly relished his attack on prudish journalese, which compels British newspapers to state that there was a "happy event" instead of saying that a "baby was born". It is hard to believe that in this day and age, British newspapers are still regaling their readers with stories of young ladies who, as a result of meeting young gentlemen who made "certain suggestions", discovered in due course that they were in "a certain condition". I shall fight journalistic filth as long as this aged pen can trace its feeble patterns. But you do not fight filth by draping it in a shroud of tattered verbiage.

And now I must go out and inspect the garden after the latest cloudburst. That will require a pair of waders, a mackintosh and an umbrella. The herbaceous border will be flat, the lawns a morass, and there are ominous signs of a flood in the cellar. Ye gods, what a summer! But I seem to have said that before.

Business

Russian Trade Offensive No Retreat From Plan

By C. M. SHORT

THE OLIVE BRANCH of new trade offered the free world by Russia is more of the nature of poison ivy. It looks attractive to any country or national industry that has difficulties in disposing of surplus commodities and, therefore, can afford some relief at a time when foreign trade has shrunk.

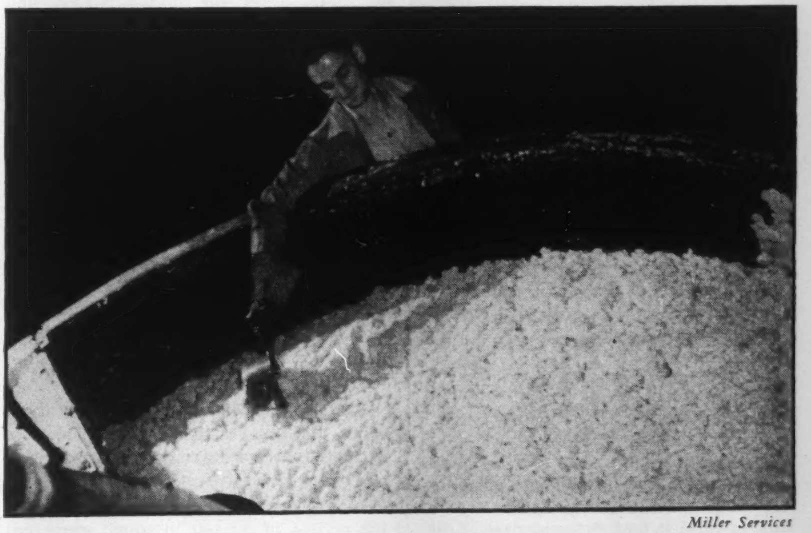
During the past year representatives of Russia have shown a rather friendly commercial attitude to non-Communist countries. They have made it plain that they want more trade with the free world and have taken some important steps to bring this about, even to the point of making definite offers on a rather large scale to buy and sell. They have made more trade agreements with western countries than at any other time in the post-war period, and these might involve as much as $250 million. Included in the transactions are purchases of more than $2 million of Canadian wood pulp, barley and canned pork. Other deals include such goods as Danish, Dutch, Australasian and Argentine butter, and meat and fish to a value, in the aggregate, of about $100 million, as well as substantial quantities of textiles from Continental Europe and the United Kingdom.

Russia's new trade policy has, however, put quite high priority on ship purchases, particularly fishing vessels and refrigerator ships. In fact, Russia's commitments for ships are now greater than at any time in its history even though its sea-going fleet is nearly two and a half times greater than in 1939. Yet all such purchases and commitments may obscure the heavy demand of Russia upon the Western world for raw materials and industrial equipment, ranging from natural rubber and wool to machine tools, textile machinery, power saws for lumber mills, construction equipment and generators and transformers for electric power plants.

All these Russian requirements indicate a serious breakdown in Soviet economy, notwithstanding elaborate Five-Year plans over the last quarter-century to utilize some of the world's greatest and most varied natural resources. The failure of Russia to use all these resources for the welfare of her own people is one of the most notable in all economic history, and provides a tragic example of Communist ineptitude. The Russian per capita consumption is lower today than in the 1920s, before any of the Five-Year Plans were conceived. A forced industrial-military economy has more than doubled the output of heavy industries since 1925, but even this advance has not been sufficient to place Russia in a strong economic position.

Now the question arises as to how Russia can pay for the great quantities of materials and goods that she requires from the free world. Russia has used substantial quantities of gold in part payment of her import requirements. But Russia's major exports are usually grain, timber and furs, although none of these can ever be spared except at the sacrifice of Russian civilian needs, and none has been available to the Western world in regular quantities from year to year. Yet in the past year or so Russia has offered on world markets mineral products, notably petroleum and manganese, two of the most strategic materials in both Communist and non-Communist spheres. Russia has made trade agreements with free world nations to supply them with about 3½ million metric tons of crude oil and other petroleum products, sufficient to raise such exports above those of lumber and furs, and second only to grain shipments. Soviet authorities have also committed themselves to ship over 300,000 tons of manganese to Western Europe, about a third of the world's supply of this important mineral, of which, in pre-war days, Russia was the major source. New sources of manganese have been developed in India and Africa at considerable expense and effort to ensure that the free world would have a steady supply of this strategic mineral. Russian grain, lumber and mineral exports can upset the free world markets for these products, as they have in the past, by throwing vast quantities on these markets at prices irrespective of cost.

A careful examination of official Russian records shows that the new Soviet trade policy is relatively short-termed, not more than two or three years in duration. Communist propagandists in the USSR and the satellites have constantly assured the people that they should not interpret the "present tasks of the economic policy as a retreat from the Marxist-Leninist principles of building up socialism". There is not the slightest evidence of continued peaceful or normal trade relationships with non-Communist countries, but rather a trade offensive that might strengthen Russia and weaken the free world.



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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Calnorth Oil

IN *1952 I purchased quantities of Calnorth Oil stock, arriving at an average cost of 80 cents. A recent quotation shows this stock at 10 cents, a considerable drop in the past two years. Will you be kind enough to tell me the reason for this depreciation and also state, if possible, what future there may be for these shares to resume their previous value?—T. W., Willowdale, Ont.*

The last report on this company stated that it had a 50 per cent interest in one oil well in the Leduc field and varied interests in assorted pieces of acreage in Alberta.

The annual report for the year ending May 31, 1954, has yet to appear, but from the previous ones it seems that the market quotation of 10 cents is giving a fair measure of the worth of the stock.

The reason for the depreciation, as in the case of many other stocks, lies in the fact that these companies were promoted, and the stock sold, in the hopes of finding oil, not in the actual possession of commercial quantities of oil. Now that the efforts of the promoters and the stock operators have ceased, the law of the market "that stocks are pushed up and sink of their own weight to real value" has been giving a convincing demonstration of its validity.

The chances of this stock staging a recovery to your price seem so small that it would appear the better course to sell it and use the funds to purchase one of the better grade oils on the sell-off that the expected cut in the price of crude may incite. We say "may" because a price cut of 35-50 cents per barrel has been so widely anticipated that it will likely fall under the heading of the "news is out".

United Cobalt

A COUPLE *of years ago I bought shares of United Cobalt at 33 cents. I have written to the brokers but they do not answer my letters. As I have read* SATURDAY NIGHT *since 1910 I thought you might be able to indicate if these shares are now worth anything.—W. G. B., Toronto.*

This stock is presently quoted at three cents bid and offered at 10, which is perhaps the best measure of its prospects and worth.

Like many another, it was promoted on the revival of interest in cobalt properties prompted by the demand for cobalt as a strategic metal. The property was acquired from one of the long dormant companies that were speculative attractions around the time you began reading SATURDAY NIGHT.

Since the price of cobalt was reduced some time ago by Ottawa, due to the great expansion of production throughout the world, only a few of the companies that entered this old field have shown any possibility of making a profit.

The rest, whose stock was sold on the hopes of finding commercial ore, have lapsed into a dormant state. United Cobalt is one of these. At last report, the property had reverted into idleness in May of 1953 and the mill has only been operating on an intermittent custom basis on ores shipped from other properties.

Anglo-Canadian Oil

I WOULD APPRECIATE *your opinion of Anglo-Canadian Oil Company Limited purchased at $5.00.—R.M.M., Calgary.*

This company is developing into one of the major Western crude oil producers. Oil reserves are estimated at about 13.5 million barrels, following the acquisition of Calmont Oil, and production from these reserves resulted in a gross operating revenue for the year ended December 31, 1953, of $1,518,510. Production for the year totalled 790,801 barrels. According to the first quarter report, net oil production has increased by 40 per cent with output amounting to 232,334 barrels. Drilling in this period brought in ten new wells, thus increasing the number of productive wells in which the company has an interest to 161.

With this production record, adequate reserves and working capital of $4,239,285 at the year's end, it appears that Anglo can continue to expand. The recent broad decline in the shares of all Western oils has brought the price of the stock close to the 1953 low of $4.55 recorded last December, with a July low of $4.50.

After more than 2½ years of decline since the high of $9.60 was recorded in January of 1952, it appears that this stock has been thoroughly deflated. With the oils looking "sick enough to die", it is beginning to appear that the time is at hand for astute buyers to accumulate shares of companies such as this, which will be among the survivors of the busted oil boom.

Despite the throttling effect of the lack of Pacific Coast export markets for Canadian crude, the production figures for the first quarter of this year rose by 6,769,000 barrels to 21,824,000 barrels, a gain of 44 per cent over a year ago.

The difficult problem that Western producers must solve is the lack of markets. This is holding production far below possible levels. As was noted in the issue of July 24 in the item on Interprovincial Pipe Line, a possibility exists that the Interprovincial line could be extended to Montreal, with a possible increase in the Eastern market for oil delivered by this line of 2½ million barrels per month.

Whether or not this possibility will become a probability depends strictly upon the price concessions Western producers are willing to make to reach this market.

Viewing the overall oil picture on this continent, it is evident that the glut of products which is forcing gasoline price wars in many sectors of the United States and has forced many of the major companies to cut back their oil purchases, will force a reduction in crude prices there as refiners' profit margins are squeezed.

From the weak performance of the major oil stocks on the New York Stock Exchange and the downhill action here, which has brought the Toronto Stock Exchange oil index down to a test of the December low of 82.89 at 84.00 at the time of writing, it is evident that a cut in crude prices is widely expected. With this discounting process going on, the impact of the actual news should not be too severe. In fact, it would be welcome; any selling that the news invoked would provide a good test of the underlying strength of the market and such selling would, to this observer, provide a "buy" signal for the top-grade oils.

On present indications, Anglo should meet good support near the $4.50 level and any further price concessions would afford an opportunity to buy oil reserves cheaply.

Canadian Breweries

IS THERE *a good possibility that there might be a capital gain in Canadian Breweries at the present price of 26½? Is there any chance of a dividend increase?—T. M., London, Ont.*

The possibility of a further advance in the price of the shares seems rather slight. On the present dividend rate of $1.25 per year, the yield has dipped under the 5 per cent mark to 4.75 and a considerable supply of stock seems likely to be encountered on any attempt to extend the advance into the 1946-1947 selling range of 27-29½.

When the shares made their high of 29½ in 1946, it marked the climax of the long advance from the 1941 lows. From the high, the price descended in an erratic downtrend to reach the 1952 low of 15⅞. Since then it has slowly worked upwards to the present level.

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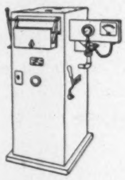

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the advance, it would appear that an increase in the dividend would be necessary. This hardly seems likely within the near future because of two factors. The continuous program of expansion has made heavy demands upon working capital and has necessitated a further increase in the funded debt. This now stands at $36,526,500 compared with $26,398,500 in 1953. The second factor is the continued downtrend in the percentage of profits to sales. In the quarter ending April 30, 1954, the percentage was 3.42 per cent, which compares with 4 per cent in 1952 and 8.5 per cent in 1947.

This is perhaps best illustrated by the figures showing that consolidated sales for the quarter were $33,720,701 and net profits $1,154,180 or 46 cents a share compared with $30,080,074 in sales, $1,147,445 in net profits, or 49 cents a share, for the same quarter a year ago.

As interest on the funded debt in the fiscal year ending October 31, 1953 amounted to $1,165,999, a sum greater than the net profit for the first quarter, and will be increased considerably this year due to the increase in the funded debt, the need for retaining earnings in the business while continuing the expansion program would seem to preclude any possibility of the management considering greater dividends.

In Brief

CAN YOU TELL *me whether shares of Quebec Labrador are a good speculation?—E. V. W., Oshawa, Ont.*

I can. They're not.

COULD YOU *please give some information on the Bar-Fin Mining Corp Ltd?—S. W., Toronto.*

Reported idle. Tout-Fini might be a better name.

I HAVE *1,000 shares of Ankeno Mines, purchased at 19 cents. Any suggestions?—H. E. K., Melfort, Sask.*

Sell them.

I HOLD *shares in Supertest Petroleum, bought at $17. Should I sell or hold?—L. J. C., Woodstock, Ont.*

Hold.

I HOLD *some shares of Bison Petroleums. Can you give me any information as to the prospects of the company—if any?—C. C. T., Regina.*

Just if—no any.

I HOLD *some Alberta Distillers Ltd., now quoted around $1.70. Is it a good buy around that price?—C.F.M., Vancouver.*

The possibilities seem very limited.

ABOUT *two years ago I purchased some shares in Melton Petroleums. Would you advise me to hold the stock?—A. G. R., Edmonton.*

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Who's Who in Business

"Equality Of Opportunity"

By J. W. Bacque

AFTER STARTING at the bottom of the business ladder, N. Douglas Young, 50, is now president of the Investment Dealers Association of Canada, a partner, director, and vice-president in Dominion Securities (the corporation and the company) of Toronto, and a regional director of the Bank of Canada.

His success is probably due to that quality of wilful persistence that he displayed to Dominion Securities long before they had hired him. "For over a year, I came in nearly every week to bother them for a job," he says. "I was proving myself a real nuisance to them, until finally they hired me. I started where everyone starts—as an office junior."

Ashley & Crippen

N. DOUGLAS YOUNG

After only three months spent in minor positions, he went to the sales manager and asked for a chance to start selling. "They gave me a book full of names of Owen Sound people and told me to arrange for the transfer of old bonds for new refunding issues." Most of the people were away, or reluctant to change when Mr. Young got there, and he completed less than a fifth of the proposed conversions. But the firm forgave him his inglorious start. "They backed me up and encouraged me," he says, "and sent me back out again. After that it was straight work for me. It doesn't matter whether you're selling refrigerators, investments or shoe laces—to me it's all selling. Salesmen outside the city don't have an easy time."

After 15 years outside Toronto, 10 of them in the Kitchener area, he was recalled to the head office in 1941 for institutional selling. He brought in so much business, and carried out his Victory Loan work so successfully that he was offered a partnership in the firm in 1944. Six years later, he became a director, and in 1953, vice-president. The firm is one of the biggest in Canada; it has over 300 employees in 16 cities in Canada, the United States and England.

Mr. Young, as is natural, talks enthusiastically about investment programs. "Building a proper investment program is like building a house," he says. "You must have a good sound foundation and build on that accordingly. But the person who does it that way is the exception. Many of us want to get all we can for nothing. Then, when something goes wrong, the public is inclined to hang crêpe on the whole industry."

The IDA has done an excellent job of policing members of the Canadian investment industry, he thinks. "We have a strong code of ethics for fair practice and honest advice. Although we do use scientific methods in the investment business, they cannot be applied as exactly as the public might wish. But in the past 20 years most Canadian trading houses have moved close together under the IDA, and we are much more capable, and better qualified, to advise individuals on investment problems. A lot of the hardship in the world is the result of mishandling savings."

His favorite relaxation is to go away for week-ends with his wife and two children to their year-round Muskoka home. "I do a bit of oil painting for fun," he says. "I get very engrossed in it, but I usually throw the results away." He has an extensive collection of paintings by his old friend, Dr. A. Y. Jackson.

"I have always been fascinated by the scope and variety of the investment business," he says. "And, from the beginning, my inclination has been towards selling."

His personal philosophy is clear-cut: "We are sometimes obsessed with material gain and with unrestrained selfishness. But the greatest benefits of our free economic system result from the fact that it stands for the essential dignity of man, which is implicit in equality of opportunity."

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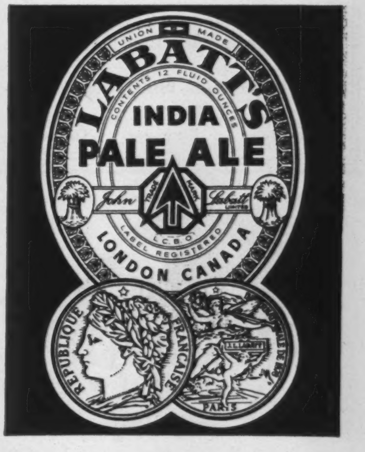

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Bonds

Exchange of Securities

By J. Ross Oborne

SOMEHOW a convenient policy of mental laziness in handling investments has become popular. This policy is based on the theory that the value and quality of a security purchased is inherent and unchangeable. The adherents of this policy "buy to hold", "don't trade" and look upon the Investment Dealer who suggests an exchange of securities as a rogue.

Conditions do change and qualities and values with them. Governments come and go, corporations prosper and decline. The old gives way to the new and favor swings from one enterprise to another. One company makes money while others in the same business show losses.

Sage investors know that the greatest care in selecting a security gives no assurance of complete safety. Some bonds that appear to be of the highest grade prove to be unsatisfactory investments.

No more effective means exist of limiting losses or adding to gains than security exchanges. An exchange is worth-while, of course, only when the result is an improved position for the investor. Exchanging may be overdone and care should be taken to examine closely the results that may accrue.

There are only a few main conditions under which exchanges are logical. Perhaps a brief summary of these would be useful to the investor. Exchanges are made in the main to obtain: a higher yield with equal value; more safety without loss of income; better marketability without loss of yield; better diversification; more opportunity for capital gain.

The watchful investor will constantly find opportunities to make sound exchanges. No two securities are alike, no two investors are alike and no two sets of circumstances are ever identical. Because of this, circumstances constantly arise that are good for one and poor for another. Sometimes speculators who are not interested in income influence a market to the advantage of the investor. Technical factors such as marketability, legality, sinking fund and convertibility often create excellent exchanges.

There are many such opportunities constantly arising for one reason or another. They normally do not last long and the investor must generally act quickly to avail himself of them. Fortunate are those investors who receive the type of investment service that continually keeps their securities under review and brings such exchanges to their attention.

FOR FALL 1954: low necklines are filled in, for a "modesty" look, with contrasting or, as here, matching materials. The red velvet dinner dress is by Mollie Parnis and was photographed in her New York apartment.

women

Photographs: Couture Group of the New York Dress Institute

FOR FALL 1954: separates are glamorous, like this almond green wool jersey after-dark costume by Tina Leser, photographed in her New York salon. The skirt is embroidered with tiny bright pink and red clovers.

Conversation Pieces:

CAR DESIGNERS will be offering all sorts of novelties and enhancements in their 1955 models—tubeless tires, lower bodies, higher compression ratios, wrap-around windshields and rosy roof linings to match the upholstery.

We were thinking about these enchantments the other day while we waited for two hours at a country service station, watching the mechanic remove thermostats and blow out congested tubes with compressed air. (The motor was boiling and so was the sun.) It occurred to us that the more gadgets they invent to increase efficiency, the more they increase the chances of gadgets going wrong.

Our favorite car fashion for 1955 would be as simplified as a child's scooter with nothing to give trouble but a few sets of ball bearings.

DR. William Blatz recently made the statement, during a television program, that children are non-competitive by nature. It seems that their tendency to beat each other over the ears springs entirely from the example set by competitive society.

This still leaves one wondering about the future of the non-competitive child when he emerges into a strictly competitive world. What, for instance, would be his record in selling vacuum-cleaners against a rival agent working the opposite side of the street? How would he score in the fierce competition between salesmanship and the housewife's sales resistance? It looks as though his ultimate refuge would have to be Samoa or some even remoter stand, where everyone could take according to his needs and nobody would have to worry about acquiring according to his abilities.

NOW it is the Canadian Hotel Association that has taken up the battle against the cigarette.

The Association wants to have a law passed making it a criminal offence for hotel guests to smoke in bed. This would be a splendid law. The difficulty, of course, would lie in enforcing it.

It might be possible to confiscate all ash-trays in hotel bedrooms at eight o'clock in the evening, but a measure of this sort would hardly stop incorrigible smokers, who would simply use the late sports edition or even the Gideon Bible for their purposes. It would hardly be practical either to post house detectives in clothes-closets or set them to peeping in windows, since this would lower the dignity of the profession. It would also enrage the guests, and as every hotel man knows, a smouldering clientele is an even worse risk than a smouldering cigarette.

A sign over the bed ("Forbidden to Smoke in Bed"; "Defendu de Fumer en Lit") would probably have an effect on everyone except inveterate in-bed smokers. These would almost certainly continue to take a chance on adding their own ashes to the neglected ashes of their cigarettes.

Meanwhile, the manufacturers, alert as always to new trends, are bringing out a line of pipes suitable for feminine use. This includes an Oriental model, complete with tubes and bubble bowl. It will be interesting to watch some enterprising guest trying to wrestle this arrangement through a crowded cocktail party.

New York Steps Into Fall

by Margaret Ness

Photographs: Couture Group of the New York Dress Institute

TWO INTERPRETATIONS *of the new silhouette for Fall: above is the sophisticated "Sweater Girl" by Oleg Cassini, a figure-hugging black wool knit day dress, with vestee-like front and cuffs in yellow knit. At the left is Hannah Troy's version of the jumper dress in jersey, with dickey of white silk faille and a black satin cummerbund.*

IN THE topsy-turvy calendar of modern fashion, August is Fall. Consequently, I thought you would be interested in a sort of pre-buying evaluation of what the press saw at the couture showings in New York.

There isn't anything startlingly new. It is mostly a question of addition and subtraction—adding a softness to the slim moulded silhouette and subtracting the petticoats from the bouffant skirt.

No "theme" emerges on which to peg a name for the new look. It is still basically the Empire silhouette but with a softened treatment. Christian Dior calls it the *Romantique Look*—"a slim unadorned silhouette"—and Nettie Rosenstein refers to her version as the *Flower Bud*—"a deepening and softening silhouette, with a rounded fullness above a low waistline and stem-slenderness below".

The softening influence of folds above the waistline is very flattering; the midriff is less taut and bone revealing. In fact, Nettie Rosenstein, a trend setter in a quiet way, departs from the pinched-in waistline even in her tailored clothes. There is always an exception to the rule, and Oleg Cassini deliberately nips in his waistlines with satin cummerbunds.

Another quiet fashion setter is Ben Zuckerman. In a few models he is showing what he calls his *Skyscraper* silhouette—wide shoulders for a natural (not padded) look. It is a silhouette to keep in mind for Spring.

Paradoxically, more of your figure shows in this new softened look. No Houdini tricks are involved; it is simply that more clinging materials, like mat jersey, are back in the fashion picture.

Jersey is Fall's pride and joy. It has certainly eliminated the bouffant skirt—except in formal ballgowns, and even there the emphasis is on side width (the ship-in-full-sail look of Madame Pompadour) or on dramatic back-swept flares, as in the new *Swan* skirt.

Jersey is kind to almost any figure type. In the New York collections, it was shown in daytime, cocktail and evening dresses, by itself and teamed with other materials. Most outstanding, I think, is a form-fitting (even to tight long sleeves) floor-length evening gown of white silk jersey, by Nettie Rosenstein. A black mat jersey cocktail dress by Adèle Simpson has dramatic chiffon overskirts; Hannah Troy's blue chiffon jersey sweater top dramatizes a full (but not bouffant) *peau de soie* skirt; and Hattie Carnegie weds a long-sleeve black wool jersey top to a gold brocade skirt.

Another material staging a comeback is rayon crêpe. It is ten years since every woman simply had to have "a good little black crêpe" in her wardrobe. I skimmed back to my files for the Fall of 1944 and there were the crêpe dresses—a whole page of fashion pictures that could pass for 1954, with a few minor changes.

Ceil Chapman calls crêpe "the undressed-up afternoon dress" and she drapes the material as one would jersey, to get a long, lean, body look. "Crêpe," says Maurice Rentner, "when treated with artistry, becomes excitingly new, crisp and stylish looking." The New York designers certainly proved his point. I especially liked a cocoa colored crêpe in the Claire McCardell collection—completely knife pleated except for the plain long sleeves and the banded circular neckline. Oleg Cassini impudently places a huge bow at the back-of-the-knees level on a black crêpe evening dress and allows for a back-flowing fullness underneath.

Another important trend involves the shirtwaist. "There will be a *return* of the shirtmaker dress," advises Brigance of Sportsmaker. His own collection includes shirtmaker dresses in shadow plaid wool jersey, hopscotch wool plaid, rep tie stripe and embroidered tie pattern silk. Not only does this tailored look appear in sports and daytime dresses but Ceil Chapman incorporates it into after-five glamour, with a long-sleeved pleated white chiffon shirtwaist topping a black velvet embroidered skirt.

These are the new trends. But the costume look is still a top contender. Why it ever goes out of fashion, even temporarily, completely baffles me. Every wardrobe should have at least one simple basic dress with its jacket or matching coat, both of which can be worn separately. For air travellers, this ensemble look is almost imperative.

Necklines are interesting this year. The plunging neckline has gone into semi-retirement, like Rita Hayworth. Last year's tentative decision to be modest and to show mostly bare backs or shoulders, is now confirmed. This Fall it is *censored* modesty—a daring low cut filled in with an obvious band of self or contrasting material. Some of these necklines, however, can be double-take. Nettie Rosenstein proves it with a *peau de soie* cocktail dress that has an appliqué of bias bands shaped like a provocative little mask, with open eye slits above the bosom.

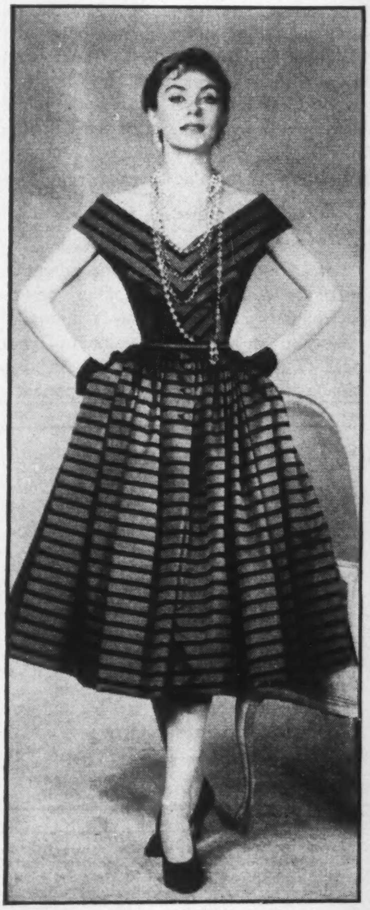
Most of the daytime, and many of the cocktail, dresses have a completely covered-up look. Pauline Trigère even has a throat-hugging neckline in a theatre dress of gold lamé. The popular casual jumper receives high-riding treatment from Carolyn Schnurer, who calls hers a *whisk*, because the blouse can be "whisked" off and the jumper worn alone. Harvey Berin achieves the look with "Dandy" bows. A pale pink satin bow graces a black velvet suit dress.

"One way to see fashion in a new light is to see it in new colors," says Eleanor Lambert, director of the New York Dress Institute. This Fall there is plenty of color. No one shade predominates, although the *orange sherbet* in Carolyn Schnurer's collection registered with me. But that may be due to the fact that the Pierre Hotel (where most of the showings were) was partial to orange sherbet for dessert—with the saving grace of a dash of cognac. Several of the designers are featuring Cardinal red. Christian Dior leans to Bayleaf green and mulberry; Tina Leser has a vivid pink shade with the mauve overtone we used to call French pink.

A number of ballgowns in the collections are in pale—almost white—pink. The color sounds washed-out, but actually it has a beautiful luminous look. Repeatedly it won applause from the fashion-critical press.

Color-with-color has taken on even more emphasis, especially where different materials are unexpectedly combined. Pauline Trigère has an orange velveteen blouse with a raven knobbed wool suit; Ben Zuckerman puts a mauve weskit with an oriental red wool skirt and seven-eighths length coat; Charles James lines a tortoise tweed coat with cerise slipper satin.

Suits are mostly conservative, with many showing belts again. The stiff underlining is disappearing, to allow the material to follow the natural line of the body. Suits and coats are buttoned up this Fall as never before. Many of the non-cardigan types of coats are buttoned to the hem. Large collars provide width at the top and the tendency is to slim the skirt. The only spectacularly new development in the coat silhouette comes from Charles James, who raises the fitted coat's waistline high under the arms.



STRIPES *will be popular this Fall. Here is a gypsy cocktail dress of black silk satin stripe from Hattie Carnegie's collection. Jewellery is being worn by the yard, even with afternoon frocks.*

Have

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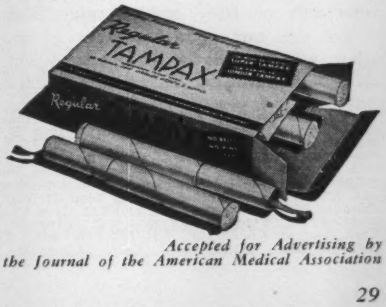

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Letters

The Other Side

IT IS with interest that I have been following your articles, "The Truth about McCarthy". It is with greater interest that I notice that not one word has been said about the basic truth around which such a discussion seems to be turning: the fight against Communism.

It is difficult to deny that McCarthy could be doing more for Communism by his tactics—of course, if one believes all that your writers Anderson and May report.

The important thing at this time is to destroy the greatest of dangers in America. And you insist on destroying one man, with the added effect that people are going to laugh or ridicule any person who would take a stand similar to McCarthy in the future, whether by good tactics or foul.

This is very fitting with Communistic tactics which consist in spreading a dozen ideas which are false—and against themselves—as soon as one idea that is true comes to light.

If there was any patriotism in your magazine, I think that in view of the emergency of the present situation a little of the other side of the question might appear in your magazine too. . .

Barry's Bay, Ont. DR. LEO V. ROY

Ukrainian Government

I WAS very much interested in the article written by Roman Rachmanny, "The Kremlin Woos The Ukrainians". It is unfortunate that the writer wanders into the realm of international affairs and expresses the desire that the Government of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic be recognized. There is absolutely no desire on the part of non-Communist Ukrainians that recognition of the government be given. All these people who left Ukraine during World War II or managed to escape after the war did so because of the Government now in the Ukraine.

Granting recognition to it would mean that the government is a true representative of the people and that it was elected voluntarily and freely by the people. This is not the case and the writer of the article will bear me out in this statement.

It is, therefore, appreciated that Ukraine is a member of the United Nations, which is recognition of the existence of The Ukrainian State and that, to date, no nation has recognized the Government of Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. It is hoped that no recognition will be granted until such time when it will be possible to hold a truly democratic election as we understand it in the Western world.

Winnipeg A. J. YAREMOVICH

The Three Crosses

SEAN O'CASEY (S.N. July 24) is wrong when he feels it is odd that protestant England should have three crosses in her flag.

The predominant church in England is the Church of England, which is a catholic church in every sense of the word. The three saints, St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick are all recognized by that branch of the Holy Catholic Church called the Church of England. The Church of Rome does not have any special claim on the Cross as a symbol of the Christian faith . . . .

Toronto WALTER JONES

Conscription

"THE Front Page" recalls the potent remarks of another great soldier on the issue of Compulsory Military Training.

Whether it has been "valor of ignorance" or political division which has kept Canada from acting on an experienced soldier's advice in matters so vital to her welfare and defence, she certainly has been the loser in war casualties and juvenile delinquency, to say the least. Back in 1908 Field Marshal Lord Roberts almost begged Canada to train her youth.

A strong, trained, male citizenry, disciplined but not necessarily steeped in militarism would be a pride and benefit to any country. Why is Canada so slow in realizing the importance of youth made fit for any eventuality?

Victoria V. H. ROSS

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69, NO. 44 WHOLE NO. 3196

IN THE United Nations Charter "We, the peoples . . ." glimpsed an international police force upholding Truth, Justice and World Law. . . Before conscription becomes "practical politics" let us ask "our boys" if they will *volunteer* to join a United Nations police force taking the U.N. oath of office: "I take orders from no government. . . I will regulate my conduct with the interests of the United Nations only in view. . ."

From contacts with international youth I believe a great number would *volunteer* to uphold world law and order. . .

Vancouver WILLIAM MITCHELL

Of Many Things

WHY all this fuss about the Stratford Festival? It's still the best theatre to be seen on this continent and if Messrs. Atkinson and Kerr could leave their bias on Broadway, they might admit as much. What if the choice of plays isn't popular? It's at least fresh and there are plenty more in the canon for the traditionalists.

New York, NY. EUGENE BURRETT

YOUR correspondent, Paul Caron (SN, July 31), complains of blaring horns around churches, but says he can stand the ringing of bells all day long. So could I, if they really rang them. What I hear most of the time is a dirge-like and doleful tolling rather than a joyous clangor to the glory of God. I would like to hear a fine peal of Stedman's Trebles some Sunday morning. Has Canada no bell-ringers worthy of this old and glorious art?

Montreal ALISTAIR GOODWIN

AT LAST our Canadian Servicemen are beginning to look like Canadians. I notice a nice maple leaf on the sleeves of some members of our Navy. Whoever got that idea is really a Canadian without a tint of colonialism. Now for a beaver on the buttons of our soldiers and airmen. . .

Sorel, Que. P. D. AILLEBOUST

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Films

Grand Chain

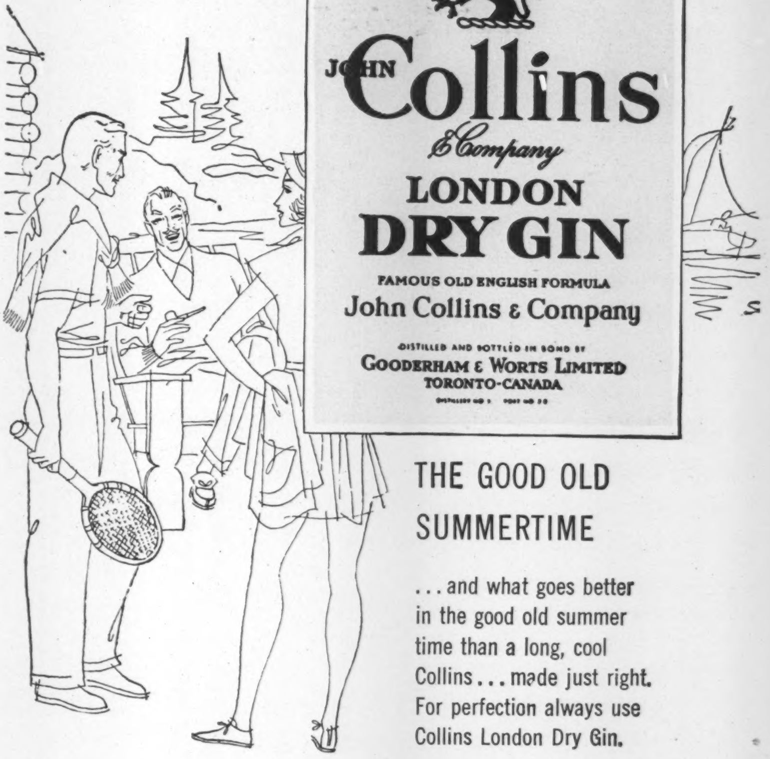
Mary Lowrey Ross

THE FRENCH FILM *La Ronde* offers a number of variations on the theme of infidelity. The theme is as old as time, as old as infidelity itself, but the variations are novel, ingenious, and filled with a sort of condescending period gaiety. The production, subtitled "Merry-go-Round of Love" presents a series of skilfully related episodes, with illicit love as the constant in a group of revolving variables. The platform of the merry-go-round remains stationary. It is the set pieces that revolve.

To be a little more specific: The story of *La Ronde* begins with an affair between a soldier and a street-walker. The street-walker fades out and the soldier attaches himself to a pretty housemaid, who in turn contentedly allows herself to be seduced by the son of her mistress. So the affairs shift and change, with the assorted couples lightly combining and recombining like figures in a grand chain, while the Oscar Straus music goes round and round and finally comes out, with inevitable French logic, with the original prostitute.

La Ronde is essentially a trick picture; but the trick is consummately brought off. If there are moments when it drags a little in pace, there are none when it falters in wariness and judgment. It is, in fact, a *tour de force* in which the director allows himself every possible opportunity to offend taste, then nimbly ducks offence and substitutes reference or wit. The characters without exception have the casual night-time habits of alley-cats, and their various involvements are treated with a light-hearted detachment that doesn't overlook for a moment the dullness and furtiveness of their lives. "Quelle heure est-il?" they demand plaintively at intervals, and in the end the question becomes a gag-line and almost a secondary theme. This is the nearest approach to a moral you will find in *La Ronde*.

The cast includes Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon, Gerard Philipe, Isa Miranda and Fernand Gravet, with half a dozen other stars. Anton Walbrook acts as a sort of Mephistophelian master of ceremonies, an assignment perfectly suited to his theatrical talents. Incidentally, eighteen-year-olds and under are excluded from the picture—unnecessarily, one feels, since any eighteen-year-old bright enough to catch the shifting significances of *La Ronde* would hardly be likely to come to any harm from the picture itself.



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